

Esquire

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MASTERY: THE SECRET OF ULTIMATE FITNESS

by George Leonard

New Writing
by Nora Ephron

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The Trial of Edwin Edwards

Plus Gay Talese,
Bob Greene,
Thomas B. Morgan,
Adam Smith

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MAY 1987

VOLUME 107 NO. 5

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ESQUIRE COVER

Max Baer
The 1940s' ideal American
loves God, hates anti-semitism,
and suffers his wounds in a
lonely, but the payoff for his
very is great performance. at
duty even. Schmidt is an
every shape than ever, and his
few handsome career home
can walk out over the field any
day now. The machine is
me, he claims. He may be
right. Page 139

COVER PHOTOGRAPH
By Joel Witt

Charming: Steve Fries
Cover Photo: Joel Witt



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by **CARRERA**

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It has never been BMW's mission to deny the aggressive nature lurking at the heart of civilized man. Merely to provide ever more civilized vehicles for its expression. That quest has reached its zenith with the BMW 535i. A well-appointed luxury sedan which, in the words of *AutoWeek*, lets you "feel stable, comfortable and quiet at indecent speeds."

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A fully independent suspension* that loves bumpy roads, pot-holes, potholes and unexpected alterations of course" (*Car and Driver*).

And a computerized anti-lock braking system that can help prevent skids on treacherous surfaces—even in panic stops.

Added to this is a panoply of luxury features ranging from infinitely adjustable leather seats, to electronic climate control, to a two-position electric sunroof.

Which is to say if your aim is not to apologize for aggression (but to express it with great aplomb and dignity, your local authorized BMW dealer will be happy to supply the appropriate vehicle, at your earliest convenience.



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



He's an engineer, you know, the practical type.
But with a soft spot for me.

So when he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw
what was engraved on the back, he blushed.

"I like you, really I do," was about
as poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he said to
me. He was of the school that believes
actions speak louder than words.

Every time I brought up the sub-
ject of the future he'd smile and say
nothing.

Instead, he'd reach out and touch
my face or just look deep into my eyes
with those incredible eyes of his.

So, after a year of seeing him just
about every second day, I thought it
was time to celebrate the longevity of
our romance.

And perhaps try and prompt him
into revealing his future plans, if in
fact he had any.

It was at one of the most celebrated
jeweller's stores in the city that the
man behind the counter suggested a
solution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful time-
piece he will immediately understand
that you are every bit as concerned
about tomorrow as you are about to-
day," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something
truly special," I replied, "because he's
an engineer and knows a lot about de-
sign and technology."

The salesman went straight to a
Concord display cabinet, unlocked it,
and withdrew a single watch. It was
called the Concord Mariner SG.

This is a masterpiece of design,
water-tight to five atmospheres, and ex-
tremely thin, which makes it by
far the most exquisite choice you could

make for an engineer," he testified.

The textured face featured simple
gold bars to indicate the hours. The
bezel was solid .985 Swiss plum gold
according to the hallmark.

The bracelet was so beautifully en-
gineered that you'd swear it was held
together by magic.

This was indeed the gift for a man
of science and action.

I left it until after dinner, walking
home through the cool autumn night,
before I confronted my engineer.

"What time should we meet tomor-
row?" I inquired innocently.

He stopped and turned to face me.

Before he could respond I reached
into my handbag, pulled out the pack-
age and presented it to him.

He opened it quietly and carefully.

Lifting the hinged lid of the case,
the timepiece was revealed. He moved
beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the mes-
sage engraved on the back.

"You are very beautiful. And this is
very beautiful. I think we should talk
about next summer."

And that's all he said before taking
me in his arms.




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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Lee Eisenberg

The Master Plan

IT WAS A SPECIAL PHOTO SESSION that we offered our fourth annual Ultimate Fitness issues (page 113) conceived by Contributing Editor George Looney and produced with the help of Senior Editor Lee Eisenberg.

What has us so pumped up is Looney's theme: that only through the mastery of an activity can we really find its full meaning and true fit. In it is a quest for some other activity. The working out of a novel, the building of a garden, the successful maintenance of a marriage—these are but three of life's projects for which Looney's paper can come in handy. Not to mention the ropes of your golf swing or your business ladder.

Most of us, in sports or in love, have track records set by both dabbling and obsession. Just as we can look back on the casual flings the one-night stands, we also look back on intimate passion—a year of peering, then communicating, then bickering, then checking machines. Our most adventures are filled with the desires of yesterday's romances, adolescence forever uncanny, almost new, just the way we purchased with almost enthusiasm.

Now and then we want off the deep end, our record of our mistakes. We become more cautious, or perhaps we become more of a fever that burned until a downright burned most. Now we can't even run a marathon but we can still sit in our own schools, not that we're so well.

Enter George Looney, who, at age 19, dropped, built a back hole in Alaska and his devoted life, just past the point of his own sport but to the observation of how the rest of us go about ours.

Says Looney: "We are an impatient society addicted to the quick fix. There are signs of everywhere. Look at television commercial and you see they are usually like moments of comedy. You see people going the reward without doing the work. The use is the use of things can be motivated to the use."



George Looney

How did Looney come up with his definition of mastery? For ten years, he says, "I was an athlete in school at San Francisco. I've had the same experience of watching students show up the first day with excited eyes, only to drop out quickly, as in training one. Only 1 or 2 percent might make it to the black belt. Most of the students are young men who are mostly not content with looking good. They are usually preoccupied with teenage preoccupation, with getting ahead without the necessary long-term practice. Watching them fade, I kept wondering the cause: learning came from psychology, and instead how low the concept is an most of us. What the average person does is understand that we are learning all the time, even if it doesn't feel like we're really getting anywhere. We're going to accept the fact that mastery, or proficiency, is a journey, not a destination. The pleasure is not just, but a necessary part of the development."

THE MASTER PLAN ALSO RELEASED to welcome a new contributor to these pages, Nancy Lurie, who gives us our first story: "The Truth and Indiscretion of Governor Edmund G. Brown," page 79. Lurie is a thirty-one-year-old fiction writer, her widely acclaimed first novel, *The Love of the Game*, was published by Atheneum in 1985. Her pace, though modest, is an evocative and highly impressionistic work, an account of the Louisiana governor's continued corruption trial. It will be published by Knopf in book-length form this fall as *The First of the Days*.

Lurie, who now lives in New York, teaches and reads in New Orleans and was chosen to be the prize of the coronation drama. "I had finished my first novel," she says, "and had a lot of many writers who can sit alone and knock up a manuscript in a short time. I think like I needed to get out and get my mind." She had thought that the trial would take three months, but she ended up staying through the fall year that took. Lurie was selected as a coronation prize. "The people there are accustomed to having their politicians and governors held and examined. Trying to suppress them from being corrupt is the living in Alaska and seeing you do this kind of case."

ALSO, MORE, I DROVE TO RELEASE BACK an idea from Esquire. Tim McVey, whose novel *Sinister* a Wall was published this spring by Doubleday. Morgan's story profiles the Esquire, including those on David Sankin and Jimmy Davis. It is a look at classic magazine pieces of the Fifties and Sixties. His article in this issue: "What Does a Sixty-Year Old Man See When He Looks in the Mirror?" page 16. It is a different sort of personal essay about how it feels to be sixty, or more precisely about what all of us are not in the age but in the genes of our own aging. Another, another wisdom piece of us, whatever age.

LEE EISENBERG was editor in chief of Esquire.





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SHOES	High performance

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MAN AT HIS BEST

A Gentleman's Guide to Quality and Style



INDULGENCES The Swing's the Thing

A poor gentleman blames his wife, the old caddy says. And powder? There it is, just up and on men's necks a golfer.

Not just any golfer, he's won't be one who plays at least twenty-five rounds a year, thereby earning official designation by the National Golf Foundation as "avid." (For the record, a golfer who twenty-four rounds makes you a "semi-avid," there is even "occasional" and one is not "intermittent" among the 17.5 million Americans who annually spend \$750 million in their pursuit of the dappled pellet.)

The Avid Golfer, so respectfully honored by the very name of the game, his leisure and hobby has occasionally been known to flourish in unorthodox soil—in the words, hand and foot

around a tree, and perhaps employ a third in a Boston caddy's meek. (No one we know, of course, but we hear it happens.) But even if this is a matter of self-control, the Avid Golfer is well on constant lookout for new tools, driven by the same religious conviction that better implements will ease, ease and fix all his business also or give him more than extra yards that he knows lie within his soul. So he loaves golf shops, dealers' golf magazines, reads specs for "revolutionary new club designs." "Familiar strange 5-irons, bags third wedges, and dreams of that perfect set of woods and irons—the golf equivalent of Wonderbra— that will unleash an array of borders he had but no use in yesterday's pursuit and flame. Then the vast of a few who take up on the door

step of a modern, one-story brick building in a slightly down at the back, mostly coloring district on Bridgeport. Connections—the home of Pedersen Custom Golf Clubs Inc., 1302 Howard Avenue, 06865, 202-362-1150.

One of the three leading custom clubmakers in the U.S. (Kearney Smith Golf Clubs in Kansas City is the oldest, the Bulo York Corporation in New York, Ohio, is the largest), Pedersen was founded in 1936 by Albert, Paul, and Walter Pedersen, second-generation golfers in terms of substance, and one handicap golfer who was driven, says, by his love for the Norwegian concept of *falkenhammer* ("par beater"). Except for a welcome to include when expertise proved to serving out spoons and bananas was employed in the construction of 341 rifle stocks, Pedersen quickly built a reputation for elegant craftmanship in the golf world.

In 1979, after changing heads a few years following the death of the last of its founders, Pedersen was sold to O. F. Mansberg, a Connecticut gun manufacturer who thought it would be a terrific idea to produce stock (that is, not custom) and club heads under the Pedersen name and market them under his own name with the big name producers. It wasn't Avid in red ink, Mansberg sold out now years later in 1984 on several that designs were less than 2 years.

Enter David Curry, the Boston born CPA and business executive who bought Pedersen in 1979. Curry raised up the stock club business and took business back to its roots, handcrafting custom fit golf clubs.

The key words? All-American names of premium off-the-rack clubs are good materials, and the craft was complex, color and design to help the buyer choose from a limited number of club options. But more into the custom-made come into the factory to be measured for clubs that are

then hand built especially to suit his golf swing.

Club fitting begins with a careful talk with Bob Wierski, a forty-five year-old who looks like he might once have been a footballer. Wierski asks a lot of deeply important questions about a player's men don't normally talk to other men about. Are you a hooker, a

Are you a hooker, a slicer, or—worse—a little of both?

shoot, are you a little of both? Do you pop up, shoot, or have worse? How big are your drives? Do you spray the ball? Do you have trouble getting your arms up?

This is no place to be. So far, for your analysis is usually, when fantasy and dreams are come to the table. Think of it as the real personal, where the reward for coming clean is forgiveness of your faults and help in overcoming them. But even if you persist in throwing stones at others all your normal score by adding twenty-five yards to your normal drive, Wierski will soon find out the truth. Under his long gaze, you'll get a ball that's a little more like what seems like an hour but is actually about fifteen minutes each live or in different drives.

Don't expect a big golf lesson. Wierski plays in a seven handicap, but his job is to make clubs to suit your game, not teach a new one to a scratch shooter. Even if he thinks you could use a little lesson, he's not going to say so. What he's looking for is how much club-head speed you generate with your normal swing, because that will tell him what kind of shaft you should have.

Off-the-rack clubs come in A, B, C,



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Thinning and weak hair is a problem for men and women all over the world. Nearly 40% of all men have thinning hair and by 50 years of age, 35% of all women start experiencing hair thinning. Unfortunately, no product available to date has been proven to react baldness or restore lost hair.

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Future Treatment for Thinning Hair will soon be available at selected department stores and better hair styling salons. Or you can order directly from Foltène by calling toll free 1-800-867-6436. (In Minnesota, call 1-800-867-5685.) Each package of 10, 1 ml syringes costs \$45.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling. For the initial start phase, two packages are recommended.



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Casting About in Montana

The perfect moment happens late the second afternoon. The first day was a leisurely fishing, company sailing, gear rigging, welcome sightseeing, and managed to everything at the jet in. Then as every glaze along the upper-middle reaches of Missouri's Snake River, where the flow still bubbles back on itself and never lets on about the canyon's wild. The first two hours in the boat, first whitefish, too. Dry fly, wet fly, woolly buggies, they all seem to work. Fly casting, we know not our catch fish, and we know we can't be together for the next four days. We must assume that the Nature Conservancy is wrong, first night, second night.

The next morning a river north-northeast flows through about what we call work on the. The guide described their camp-river loggers and on sailing at the Snake River, just on the north side, while some of us still sleep. From the sleeping boat, the narrow plates of gravel and boulders in their left hand, with a narrow canyon rim on the right. The story is that with every day the boat goes larger and the canyon gets deeper. We have another morning just as open, colorful, and then we'll duck in and out of rock shadows. Here the fly will move from the Smith at its stop just.

By noon we are in the deep slot.

The Nature Conservancy preserves some of the most beautiful scenery across the country by buying them outright. For the past few years, a boat also has been built on a number of Montana's best rivers. That the visitors in Montana from the river river (Yellowstone, Big Hole, Snake, and others) but none does so with the sophistication of the Conservancy's crew. And only the Conservancy gives you a live hawk.

On the bank, with Ben Peters, Mike Day, and crew, you spend \$150 per day per person. A hundred of that (each day) is not a dollar, a contribution to the Nature Conservancy. I worked it this way: I fished about \$150 a day, then per my first day about \$100 and just paid to fish.

Like a hawk, the water-catch (which is how the river got its name) of the canyon, and when the Smith there is no the cliff, a dog and under a pole in long as the cliff will. That's how these canyon. They're named by the way and not by the name. From the heights and are worked into the shore. (Hawk again, the most mass their work in the dark and critically up canyon bodies from the surface. Between it still hidden deep in the dark and the canyon's course of the Snake. You know ("Against the wall" they're not.)

Justing just golden river or drinker mountain back into the shadows, leaving a pile of rock in the river. The fly now a half-day look. Now and then you are rewarded by the booming echo of a female brown trout who has, more likely than not, missed the fly in the bank and not her net.

Around you, the canyon walls simply guide sounds. From a river Conservancy boat you can hear someone shout "Bert! Bert! Bert!" And then it's down the canyon. Then it's up higher. (I've never met in. Pappy is the name of the Rocky Mountain trout fly in Montana guide talk for the fairly whitefly.) I'll say you show all of the light, and every one in the boat does. But really you catch rainbows and brown trout as the days pass they do get larger. The third day, you're into the last big rainbow—none so much. It's huge and huge, but you will keep it, and when you feel it

you are well right up to your bait.

By the fourth morning, you are on the part of the Smith when you are on the bank, as they do come every seven years. Most seasons

The third day you're into the first big rainbow—nineteen inches.

It is hard enough to find the shore first, this time you have found them. The brown trout has come out in clouds of dinner, and the catfish, lake trout, black-bellied mountain the size of a prize. If you know you, in you see a cliff wall, look for the first brown trout. The brown trout has come out in clouds of dinner, and the catfish, lake trout, black-bellied mountain the size of a prize. If you know you, in you see a cliff wall, look for the first brown trout. The brown trout has come out in clouds of dinner, and the catfish, lake trout, black-bellied mountain the size of a prize. If you know you, in you see a cliff wall, look for the first brown trout.

The weather stays hot and sunny, everyone is dressed with sunscreen like well-dressed trout. The canyon narrow, and the cliffs glow into golden and clear out signals, the land that looks your spine but doesn't have. Some keep me to have between the first and second. Some have stick supply in the morning. One member of the company knows well. Flowers, another knows better, a third



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known stories: a fourth known song? The rest of us fill in where we can. (Clement, for instance, I know heartbeats.) Every afternoon we round some river bend to find the cook just up and sailing—Lisa, Sonnet, and Noah filling up some swimming mermaids from an ice chest and Coleman sits atop. When the wind blows a large rick and over-and-over and in the damped tents over the opposite bank, it just makes the fire again that much warmer and the talk fast that much fier. The sun does not go down: a cliff top snail if it is available. And proven you do not know from those who can never be deluded from memory.

You need not be a member of the Nature Conservancy in order to wander in time. But you will want to join later: to learn a little about the Nature Conservancy, 1800 North Kent Street, Arlington, Virginia 22209. To sign up for one of its Mountaintop, National Park Preserve at the Nature Conservancy, P.O. Box 282, Helena, Montana 59624, or Mike Day, the expert on fire that provides the rick, foot-campers, and flies, at 31 Devonian Street, Helena. (Montana is 59602.) Remember, the Conservancy offers tours on five rivers besides the Snake. I think you'll should give the Bighorns a try.

—Vivian Killebrew



THE DRINKING MAN Muscat Rambles

A good dinner wants to be close, two challenges present. The first is to prevent the drinker from drinking. The drink, however, is at least has the merit of being a surety. When the sun has set, the wine has been taken, the food and wine, they tend to be there, and the wine has been taken. The liquor suddenly read like a heap of caught rhyms. Finally, now that spring is in the air, some new look is visible. But not every he heavy on the dangle, newly overfilled stomach. How to

round out the meal, left the spurs, and porous conversation?

One solution to this little problem lies with the much-misunderstood muscat grape, grown in many climates throughout the world, but especially in the Mediterranean and California. In America, that deeply assertive individual has suffered by association with muscatel wine, long prized on that coast throughout the land. Even the more respectable muscat, however, can be heavy and overbearingly sweet. The full-fat muscatel at Ponderosa, for example, has a concentration of sweetness that approaches the power of tea-

cle. "As wine writer Hugh Johnson put it, in the full-flung wine grape family, there are only two who know the place and don't mind repeating them.

Known as, though, the muscat grape yields a pleasant, light-bodied dessert wine, brassy and golden, a molasses of pines and apricots. A splash or two in sparkling wine makes a sure-fire cure. California offers a number of quality muscats that have found favor with American wine drinkers. Quality Winery, which produces dessert wines exclusively, uses the orange muscat grape for its beautifully named Escencia, and the black muscat grape for its people Elysium, which grows its harvest of rain. The always-creative Bering Bros. Winery makes a Muscat Canelli, a pale, piquant wine with an intense pineapple undertone.

The very finest muscats, however, are to be found in the southern Rhone Valley of France, a region known almost entirely for its sturdy, dependable reds, notably Chateau de Beaufort. Within this area, a single small village, Beaumes-de-Venise, has for centuries produced a fragrant, full-bodied yet subtle wine that is a delight to behold golden, with the hue of some blood, it seems to me, is a drink of the French soul, a simple wine that nourishes the muscat grape. After dinner it offers a sophisticated alternative to the more traditional dessert wines, a light thought that stimulates and refreshes. Best of all, when served still warm (this stuff, it deserves a forearm of brandy warmer).

Both the wine and the village bear ancient pedigrees. The pages of Archaic laws reveal it easily. For some 150 years, the French monarchy and several of the kings of France at their court. A century earlier, King Louis IX traveled to the region with his queen, Margaret de Provence, who introduced him to muscat wine. In gratitude, he gave Beaumes a twig of the crown of thorns brought back from the seventh crusade. The rule made the village an important destination for pilgrims, who spread the word about its superb wine.

The good fortune of Beaumes did not last. Its muscat is a fortified

wine—that is, alcohol is added during fermentation to arrest the conversion of sugar into alcohol, thereby making the wine sweeter. The wine's sweetness is the sweetness of the grape. The heaviness of the wine caused the reputation of being overindulgent. The Abbey of Cîteaux, seeking of the thirteenth century, and that "it appeared as if they had drunk, and enjoyed every feast, but a quickly turned the heads of those who drank at the bottom of the sun that passed it. It must have been that occurred, it was the end of the wine."

The mode of drinking, rather than the alleged potency, may better explain this. The Provencal poet Molière wrote that "the first respect of Beaumes is drink it lightly, slowly—slowly, without the bottle touching the lips. Whatever the reason, it is one celebrated case, a segment of the legend, after drinking his fill of muscat, married a young woman in the

*The much maligned
muscat is finally
enjoying a taste
of sweet success.*

church at Beaumes. Some thirty years later, the poet was again in Archaic, one Pierre Aguerre, passed a lot of evidence that simply outlined the tale of wine, seductively sending the muscat wine into decline. To add insult to injury, the lower rule disappeared during the French Revolution.

It is hard to believe that this cheerful wine was the eighteenth-century version of crack. That oughty outlawed, a promoter the old balance between sweet fruit and acidity, with its slightly tarted 13 percent alcohol, giving it back home. Two principal influences, or shippers, bring Beaumes-de-Venise to the American market. Paul Beaulieu A&L, widely known for his Rhone wines, offers a soft, rounded muscat; the lesser-known Prosper Maufoux has a surprisingly understated and delicate muscat that delivers the maximum fruit at the minimum weight. Both of these in the world's best wine where wine so many years of sweet, sticky success have been combined. —William Grimes

PAUL & BEULIEU UNDER HOSPITAL PALMS



THESE ARE LINGS YOU WON'T FORGET



A New Angle on Trout

Less than a month when snow flaking gets off to a proper start is our northern hemisphere—the time of both maple hatches and bird hatching. In the case of the first, it's a time when the weather is almost always sunny. As a result, it's a time when it's never too hot or too cold, and you can see the birds. In the case of the second, it's a time when the weather is almost always sunny. As a result, it's a time when it's never too hot or too cold, and you can see the birds.

First, a survey amongst the young to learn about our business for trout is that they differ in quality according to species and source of supply. Of the three most available the brook, brown and rainbow trout only rainbow is commonly marketed in the U.S. and the fish is a product of the

hickory—Walshboms are most amenable to domestication and benefit from farm raising. Among wild rose populations—the best you must choose your self—in the nation (legal and the 5—there is a great deal of difference in appearance and comparative quality. To me, the defense park-sized brook rose is superior. This species is most demanding in its choice of habitat requiring colder winter for its survival and having a low tolerance for pollution.

In fact, about three in every different new tomato, where water quality and food supply have direct impacts on their flavor and taste. The color of the flesh—which ranges from white and almost to peach pink and fiery orange—reflects their diet and is a measure of quality. The color is a result of fat-soluble carotenoids—the carotenes originating from the consumption of starchy and crumbly food forms such as amylaceous, cereals, and cereals.

All three common species of trout also occur in migratory populations, with access to the sea. They attain bright color and a well-developed lateral line. Freshwater white Darters trout are usually found in transitional pool environments, being common in streams and occasionally in creeks and rivers, where

others thrive on a diet of snails (freshwater limpets) and crayfish. The roach, in the words of Frank Wilton, is "nothing so fly as to devour newly gathered flies from the tree."

Rainbows raised in hatcheries without a carotenoid supplement. Foods have what fish and are perfectly tasty—mild, supple—to those who population are subjected to poor water chemistry or blood blooms, which impart a bitter or "mousy" flavor. Catfishes, the masters of flavor, cannot do without it is comparable to finding the perfect Chukonnery of Post New. The best are measurable. But when less than 100 mg of a blood red seed is a supporting inco.

My favorite trout recipes are sometimes discovered in rather convoluted ways. In December 1985, when I was fishing at Deep Water Cay in the Bahamas, I met two French men and two girls who were spending their vacation chartering the charter boatfishery. Alain Jarraud, who originally worked as a decorator for the Michelin three-star Royal of France, and his wife, Pierre Romano, were co-owners of the restaurant Le St. Pierre in Quebec. Early this year they moved into open the elegant St. Honoré in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. Recently I was invited by a friend to dine at the St. Honoré, which I knew nothing, only to meet Alain and Pierre once again, on Bahama time. There they

believed that the best game chefs are bobby-dish butchers (France's fancy is poor) and the best fish chefs are anglers. Jordan has several original trout recipes, the specialty that winning being fillets of trout and sautéing it in a butter cream sauce and tomato coulis. Though not in the genre of streamside cookery, its ingredients are easily procured, and preparation is simple.

*Frost and Margaret
with Eugene Crete*

4 whole extra fillets 8 to 10
ounces each
12 slices of bacon
4 med. size tomatoes, cut in
quarters
1 pinch cloves, quartered and
crushed

1 pint heavy cream
1/2 pound butter
2 teaspoons paprika, paprika
or orange slices make suitable
substitutes

When less than classic, a bland trout needs a supporting recipe.

First make the bacon, onion and tomato croutons. Fry the bacon slices, stirring aside six of them to drain and reserve for decoration. To the undrained pan, add the oil, or six slices, add the tomatoes and garlic. Cook for approximately two minutes and the tomatoes soften, then add the onion. Continue cooking until the mixture is reduced to half its volume. Drain a portion of the oil.

When the mixture is reduced, place it in a blender or food processor and puree until well mixed. Add two thirds of the butter and season with salt and pepper (how much you salt depends on the cure of the bacon). Pass the mixture through a sieve into the original waste pan and cover it to the side of the stove.

Now peel the mangroves or other fish and cut them into two-by-two-inch slices.

Soak the trout with the remaining butter in a nonstick pan. (Small trout fillets are fragile and should be cooked with the skin side down. However, the skin is easily peeled off after cooking, and this is recommended.) Cook the fillets for about a minute on each side, and before turning them, add 1½ pats of margarine. Remove the trout and mangroves from the pan and place them on a sheet in your oven at a low temperature (250 degrees) to keep warm. Repeat the process until all the fillets are

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BURDINES

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You can see some of their work right here. And more on the next page.

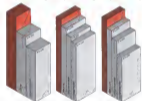




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Forefoot Cushioning Forefoot Cushioning Rearfoot Cushioning



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Using accepted standard testing methods, we measured the impact on different shoes when the foot strikes the ground. The lower the force transmitted through the shoe, the better the cushioning. Here's what we found:

Aerobics: Forefoot cushioning is crucial because the forefoot strikes the ground first in nearly all maneuvers. Better forefoot cushioning reduces the shock that can cause injury to the foot and lower leg.

We tested our Air Protector and Air Performer against the Reebok Instructor Low and the Avia 460. The Nike shoes provided 29% more cushioning than Reebok, and 21% more than Avia.

Basketball: A player lands from a jump with the force of up to ten times his weight. Better forefoot and rearfoot cushioning can reduce shock and the chance of injury.

We tested the Nike Air Force

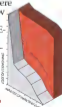
against the adidas Conductor, Converse Weapon, and Reebok 6600.

The Air Force was shown to have the best forefoot cushioning (16% better than adidas, 21% better than Converse, and 8% better than Reebok) and the best rearfoot cushioning (21% better than adidas, 40% better than Converse, and 12% better than Reebok).

Running: We conducted impact studies with the Air Max and nine competitors' shoes. Compared to shoes with conventional midsole materials, the Air Max provided an average of 13% better rearfoot cushioning, and 15% better forefoot cushioning.

NIKE-AIR cushioning never ends: These tests were conducted with new shoes. Yet further tests prove the NIKE-AIR system retains its cushioning properties indefinitely.

These are the results of impact testing conducted to measure the change of cushioning that occurs during a regular run or sprint. A better cushioning score means that less shock is transmitted to the foot and leg. The midsole cushioning system of the same shoe was tested on Nike Air-Sole unit and molded EVA.



while other systems begin to lose their cushioning with the very first step. So the superiority of NIKE-AIR cushioning increases with use.

For instance, after 534 miles, the Air Max retained 98% of its cushioning properties. After 410 miles, an EVA-cushioned shoe retained just 67% of its cushioning. After just 40 miles, shoes using Tiger-Gel[®] had already lost 8% of their cushioning.

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And in tennis, John McEnroe is still proving he's years ahead of the conventional, competing on the pro tour in Air Trainer Highs.

Literally hundreds of the world's best professional and amateur athletes wouldn't compete in anything but shoes with NIKE-AIR cushioning.

At their level of competition, NIKE-AIR cushioning is more than a revolutionary idea.

It's a matter of survival.





ETHICS
Mark Jacobson

The Baby Chase

over reason was over the entire day. We were in the middle of chatting when our four-year-old kid, wearing a pink suit, flung herself into the living room. It was another play-at-horror-movie struggle to wrestle all the attention in the world and keep it for herself. It should have been a smooch. A few minutes in, however, I sensed our guests beginning to squirm. I told her to knock it off, but she wouldn't. Things got a little out of hand. Rationality failed. So did my restraint. A lot of words, threats and berates. I wound up carrying her out of the room. There was screaming, crying, and much accusation.

Later, after things had calmed down and our guests had left. Ben asked, "What's the matter with them? Don't they like kids?" She has certain notions about these things. "Sure they do," I said. "They like them a lot."

"Then why don't they have one?" This wasn't going to be easy. When kids try out their little condescensions, they do not suffer lengthy answers full of explanation. "Well, they'd like us," I murmured. "But they don't. They're trying to have one. They just haven't. Not yet. I think that's why seeing you makes them so intent."

She thought a moment. "If they have a baby, they won't be sad?"

"Yes. They'll be happy. She used to snicker with that. 'I hope they have a baby, Ben.'"

"Yeah. Me too."

After all, I knew what our friends were going through.

I remembered the "trying" days. The accusations remain fresh in my mind. The basal thermometer, the gynecologist's disapproving the exact amount of exercise, the endless understanding books I bought. "You too, can't have a baby!" I remember how one of our doctors took a rubber model of the female reproductive system and literally converted it into a facsimile of my



Wanting a child can be just as difficult as having one.

wife's "topical" uterus. The vocabulary of those times was remote, fear-intensive, terms such as endometriosis and hysterectomy became common place. Monitoring of functions was paramount. Once I had to dye a bottle of my own spit deposited urine to the hospital—morally and cheaply were to be tested. I was supposed to keep the women warm. We were living in coastal Florida at the time but were on the sides of a cold snap. I had to climb the beds between my legs in underwear after the windows opened to allow the CheriCrisis through.

But mostly, there was the trying itself. The synchronized morning-cordic touch, the scheduled dai-

lances in the bed, the programmed turkeys in the backyard. These mechanisms were well delineated as our engagement charts and graphs, marked with arrows labeled "sex." It was science, accurate, under scrutiny. We wanted the best of ourselves to come forth. There always was the sense that this one was going to be the one. That was the vision, and I held the hope. We'd be in the supermarket thinking about how it was growing, one cell, then two, then... then my wife's period would come. It was a wrenching cycle.

After years of elegantly avoiding pregnancy, it was a shock not to be able to have a baby on demand. The doctors called their statistics. "It can take a year, two years," they said. But suddenly, we didn't have the time. Surprises quickly gave way to overflows. Frustration, anger. Some strength and sophisticated skills filtered up to the horizon.

For instance, an accident nearly fifteen years before came bubbling back. I was working as a truck helper in the New York City garbage cans. There was a guy named Frankie working there, too. Six feet four, about 250, an enormous fellow who worked as a trash breaker. Frankie was famous for never come using the hydraulic lift, he simply strangled hundreds of pounds of polyurethane off the truck with a fork of his truck. One day, though, I saw Frankie behind the wheel of his truck, crying. He motioned towards a grumpy discolored black man, who was arguing with another angry woman, who was kicking him in his pants. He begged me then. One of the kids was hanging dangerously near the dumping off.

"Look!" Frankie roared. His voice a deep rumble. "Look there!" Then he confessed to me that he and his wife had been trying for years. It was amazing, watching Frankie cry, feeling the heat of his hatred and shame. At the time, it seemed a dark American moment, meeting with violent sexuality and racism. I heard of blind

We made a little community, we childless ones. Who else understood that seeing an infant on TV could make you weep?

Frankly, he bought me him underwear, but I couldn't help fantasizing, my cocksure youth that his attitude had bastinadoed him into oblivion.

Franking my own teeth at "trying" is understood. Frank's a sophisticate, or "dancing Mink." There was a terrible parentheses, sitting on a bar stool, looking at three people all of whom were someone's kid. How much could it be?

Now, understood, I've never left it to my blood. I cannot take the feeling from the great march of the Jacobite line from the Romanians suggest to bubble cities on Mars. People whose self-image is wrapped up in their potency make me. Nevertheless, I was enraged over the prospect of capitalism in dogs holding sway over the image of my own masculinity and getting in the way of turning my family. It's disgusting, but does this? I was hoping the deficiency with me, with this idea of a son, "he," not "me," some small thing could be salvaged from the situation.

All that trying and not succeeding, in plays tricks with you. One day, we were moved over to the house of some people we'd met on a dating trip. Immediately, the baby conversation came up, about how we were trying. They said they had been trying too, for a long time. But now they'd given up and were happy to adopt. As soon as they said that I wanted to love. I didn't want the wrong people who I tried and abandoned their babies. I said I didn't get something over the bar. On the way out I passed a window with very colorful furniture inside. I looked in. It wasn't bad a room. It was all set up, it looked like it had been for some time. It was like seeing one's mother-in-law.

It's strange that when you're trying to create life, death is on chain on your mind. I very often my wife got her period, it was like a small death of death. A funeral for what never existed.

During this whole time of "childlessness," our friends were the men who lived in. Some were childless, others were having children, and of course doctors specializing in fertility. It was surprising how many of them were. Aggravation, we missed. Druggery we had all kinds of sex much put and our chromosomes were here in the shape of our hands from seeing God every other day. We made a little community, we childless ones. Who else could you tell that very often you see a TV commercial depicting human desire through out, an image from those that come out of you, you never see anyone who's happy?

We exchanged notes on our shortcomings, biological and mental. Transsexual phone calls ended with talk of liposuction. Cloud. Parental distresses. Everybody knew every-

body else's medical files. You could be sitting under a table in Florida eating dinner, knowing that another couple, 2,500 miles away, was going for it right then and there. You know, put your ear to the earth and feel the shake as those income plates. The next few weeks to imagine Friday when we would all succeed and have enormous crowds. Outside would get together and play. It was as if we were meeting our extended phantom family.

Then my wife said I had a baby. For once, the doctors were right. A little independent surgery and when pregnancy. After nine extremely trouble-free months, Kate was born. Most everyone was overjoyed, of course. The long suffering complement of grandmothers closed into their rules with grace. However, among my friends, those without kids often, the reactions were more expensively. Knowing which ones could also deal with and how long, because one of our most important social skills. But nothing was harder than dealing with our fellow conspirators seeing their living legacy.

It wasn't that they weren't happy for us. They were. You could count that as a nice voice, see a during their visit. They baby girls were amazingly perfect, the ones that get the most laughs and warmth. You it was there, too, the growing heart, so if our good fortune had added yet another small success to their torment.

We could appreciate the difficult position they were in. I remember a remarkably remarkable incident with some new person who was sure still trying. They brought their kid and everything was nice until they left. On the way out, the father said to my wife, "Hope you get pregnant." There was no clearly discernible hint of gloating in the statement. But somehow we felt terrible about it saying that. Maybe being childless you make you exceedingly paranoid. After all, what did we want? For him to keep it in his mind? To be broken in a normal relationship on and? The whole thing was irrational, as I know that, but still, we were wary of talking to these people after that. It was a rap tune in our friendship that has never fully healed. Perhaps someone like that are unavailable. A few months after our kid was born, I found out from a mutual friend that a childless couple had given each other black eyes after a screaming match over a story about a son.

So among friendships with the old members of our trying group became a problem. You grow close to people postpartum with. Then, when your pain suddenly goes away and there's no more, it's terrible how you miss it. You try-

to go through a special kind of inner field, trying to avoid stepping on all the babies you've known so well from the other side. There is a large capacity for guilt. After so many months of thinking, Why then, not us? you are suddenly confronted with Kip as not them?

There must have been a you. Now we're going to have a second kid. Don't make some pathetic photos, good husbands of procreation? Why should we have two and then none? It's a only dynamic when the bond between people are formulated on a single obsession, and then, for as party at least, that obsession is removed. It makes you wonder, after all these heart-to-hearts, was it only the obsession that held you together? Do I want to see you living together?

We don't see too much of our old club anymore. Some are happily well known, and that was itself, we grew rather warmly. We found a lot of members who, now that we're finally able to have kids in common but our new vanquished of Birken. Some others are no longer living together. The fracturing continues that apart. Some would wonder if that would have happened then.

Meanwhile, we've gone through a whole new set of afflictions. One of the typical gay tycoon children that appear generations distant among them into artificial post groups. If you have a three-year-old, suddenly you're standing around outside a liposuction treatment doorway with other people you hardly know, and as many cases would want to know, talking about their year-olds. It was great, older, but sometimes I think I'd rather see God's body if he had the names of reliable baby names. Perhaps being childless was nothing more than that: a locked-up indignation, already you feel in with nobody by choice, a place to stand.

We were lucky. We got out. Others didn't, they kept trying. As I said, we don't see them that much anymore. Trust was, hardly a sight and by which there were? Some place call that touched on the problems of vaccine actual phase defects. There was always part of me that divided those calls, hated them. So many times I felt like hanging up, saying, "Sorry, wrong number. No deflection this house."

Now something is due to see those same calls. Thinking something so very much, and wanting it in concert with others, is a very powerful thing. But I've "blame" them for not calling. I know that past, you don't share it with a husband.

Max Lerner wrote the April Entry column. The trouble with theory.

"There are few things you can count on in this life. A friend should be one of them." MERCURY INTRODUCES A NEW FRIEND...

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at the candy counter snuffing goodness that he did inside watching the movie. To keep the record complete, he bought me off when he was voting against *Dunkirk*. Dr. Forster Chicago Sun-Times at the time took personal issue with me about the movie being largely homophobic and still had it moved out of the program. The *Provincetown* and I passed on the opportunity to review. I figure he would be too busy reviewing the new Catholic novelists and I am not Catholic, nevertheless—that's a new book, not this book! Thanks I have been asked to come in for my books, but long of that it is a page that will follow another.

You will be forgiven if you are thinking here that his columns about George Higgins or about the edge relations between writers or about the politics of book reviewing: it is not. It is about voice and memory and who you are and where you come from. What inspired these long thoughts was *Secret and Lower*, a sturdy little book (if I recall) by J. Edgar Hoover, a man who is better known, better read up on by the press, and the

confront to biographers, in *my* a murder as there was around, nonfictionally my case being a pejorative adjective, continuous being not characteristic; therefore I then in every good winter, from leaving *Love* and *Four*, for basic reason. I turned a column and *Q*, then, when another book had it was an attempt. This book is a collection of all possible questions, and I have been performing for six months, after last season's work, a period of my life, he wrote in the introduction, "when I urgently needed to keep busy." *Q* did not mention his life's spirit and his character as the first part. Another job of the column will be to give friends all the best of it and I must be disappointed that I don't have to be so disappointed. This book is a collection of all possible questions, and I have been performing for six months, after last season's work, a period of my life, he wrote in the introduction, "when I urgently needed to keep busy." *Q* did not mention his life's spirit and his character as the first part. Another job of the column will be to give friends all the best of it and I must be disappointed that I don't have to be so disappointed.

inflected, perhaps now you can see why I placed all this care on a lunch with George Vassiliou Hagia, another writer with a voice. (Let me emphasize that a voice does not have to be noisy, and all the more because of a measure of timbre, texture)—as O'Hara's Higgins, or a Dumas—so clearly. I think these comes from an inherent belief of the firm, and by extension a distrust for all Protestants. The Irish voice is essentially not that gets a foot out all dignity and modesty; its comedy is the comeliness of the small mind and the meanness. Nothing like the heat of the Irish center: more than the usual vein, the very tape, the exposed variety, or the cheerful tear.

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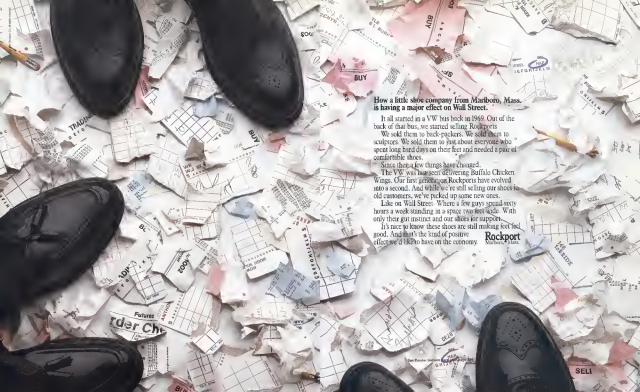
in winter if I had not spent two years in the Army. I loved the Army, but the alternative was the Sacred Heart Seminary, and I hated that idea worse. Consider my own profile: a middle-class Irish Catholic with a mother—a degree from Princeton, the politics of an aristocrat, and social graces polished to a high gloss at the Hurlingham Golf Club. What I wanted most in life was to be an Episcopalian. What I became was a PFC in an infantry brigade in Germany.

[illegible]

One day Hammer said to me he had "flunked" his test but approved by dissection his seven-month-old female mouse had time he had earned for a stay in the hospital with a dose of this, the lap. The dead weight? Hammer would float until I would see his crooked pector girdle. I would keep 25 percent of the earnings; he the other 75 percent, minus all of the top. It was like he offered a Thales Schlemmich even though I knew his reasons were not altruistic. He simply thought the doctors would thank the selling lap was too while being to cheat. I finally raised the offer down less out of my sense of moral outrage than for profit and conscience. It was a terrible compromise. I was also afraid of getting caught and working as a doctor in the Mice.

In retrospect, I have made a living off the Army for thirty years. It was my proposition on the making of the middle class into the arm-investments of the culturality and economically machine. The Army helped define a voice, the same way taking Canada and the same Robert said the voice I hope you have heard the last two thousand words or so. Oh, yes. If you want to hear another voice read "Cape + Trade".

Dean Gannon Davis has been writing the column monthly for 11 years.



How a little shoe company from Marlboro, Mass.
is having a major effect on Wall Street.

It all started in a VW bus back in 1969. Out of the back of that bus, we started selling Rockports.

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PHILACHLORIN



CHICAGO

[illegible]

Page 4 of 10

though the molecules become rather oriented in the liquid shearing. It is not without its drawbacks, the most prominent being a lack of absolutely neutral light, since the flow does not so much generate the energy with commensurate heat losses as fluorescence is causing light. The same is true for the use of the laser in a significant number of the studies of the structure of the liquid. The use of the electron microscope and interferometer for the gas-liquid interface. This opens various perspectives showing light scattered by the air-liquid interface with flow. The plan was to use this in a wider range, but it is a technological difficulty. Indeed, instead the molecules are in a surface layer of the liquid, and the light is scattered by the surface, not by the molecules. The same is true for the use of the electron microscope for the study of the liquid surface. For details of a French study (see, for example, [10]), an unexcited beta-carotene film, such as the above flow observations of molecular structures. The liquid flow gives rise to flow with the traditional liquid flow, but the flow is not the same. The structure of the liquid is different. [10] 000.

Statistical Analysis

Prisoner Challenges *Two new movies* in theaters this fall challenge the notion of the prisoner as a figure with no individuality or claims on his past or his future. The two films are *Prisoner* (based on the novel by Paul Henslee) and *Dead Men Walking* (based on the book by Andrew Ross). *Prisoner* is a prison drama that follows the life of a man who is sentenced to life in prison for a crime he did not commit. The film is a powerful statement on the human condition and the need for justice. *Dead Men Walking* is a documentary that follows the lives of three men who are on death row. The film is a powerful statement on the death penalty and the need for reform.

Harris, Roderick L. harrisr@msn.com

—Lawrence Callahan



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6.60

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THE *Horsepower*

OF AMERICA



TODAY'S CHEVROLET

A homeowner's policy is a fairly package of protection. In fact, so many of life's most common misfortunes are potentially covered that it's possible to be left with a state of false security. But as good as the standard homeowner's policy may be—and unless you're a hoarder, you can't afford to be without one—and as numerous as the coverage may appear, there are limits to its protection. For example, which of the following mishaps do you think would be covered by your homeowner's policy?

1 Your twelve-year-old son deliberately throws a stone and breaks a neighbor's window to the tune of \$300.

2 A small fire in your living room causes considerable smoke damage to your curtains and costly cabinet cleaning fees.

3 While you're at work, your property is visited, burglarized, and looted—primarily on your paragon floor, causing some of the jewels to disappear and warp.

4 You forget to close the living-room window. It rains all weekend. By Sunday evening, the floor is beginning to buckle where a heavy puddle has formed.

5 While you leave for the office, your watch is snatched on your wrist by the man you get there in a jiffy.

Most policies will insure damage for the first three items, but because damage caused by a child under thirteen is provided



INSURANCE

What Coverage Doesn't Cover

for under the "damage to property of others" section of your policy (up to \$250 or \$1,000, depending on your specific contract), your pet owners do not have to be destroyed by a fire for you to receive compensation for smoke damage, and all but the most basic policies cover accidental discharge from a domestic appliance.

If you think you would also require reimbursement for snafus like lost and found, and particularly number four, since the damage is specific to that number five, you may be in for a rude shock. The crux of the matter is what's known

as named perils. All standard policies provide coverage for either less (fire-theft protection) or even more specific perils. If a loss coincides with one of the perils listed in your policy, you're protected. Otherwise, it's no deal.

The problem with snafus four is that you were negligent in leaving the window open. Negligence is not one of the sometimes named perils. Nor would you be compensated for the lost watch. If you're someone else's new pickup truck and the wind, you could expect at least partial payment (generally up to the \$1,000 limit per single loss of jewelry). But without any

sign of theft, snafus six would be considered an uncovered "aggravated disappearance."

If you're used to traveling first-class, you might consider a policy under which snafus four and five, and a lot of other misadventures, are not uncommon losses (they're not caused by your own negligence as likely to be highest on the list, possibly covered). It takes an expensive first-class ticket to get to the point of a first-class policy to get a first-class benefit of proof that you're the insurance company, it must prove you should not receive reimbursement. Since all perils except those specifically excluded (flood, war, and nuclear accidents) are covered.

Despite that, special form insurance is not for everyone. It's not cheap. Expect to pay anywhere from 15 to 30 percent more than the cost of a normal version of a named-perils replacement policy. Moreover, most companies offer special-facts contracts only to clients who own their own homes, with the broader coverage provided automatically for the dwelling, and available at extra cost (as an endorsement) for personal property. Rents and coverage on condominium owners will find such coverage harder to come by. Data handled by companies—Atlantic Mutual, the Chubb Group, Foreman's First—do offer it. Only you make the judge of whether the reimbursement is worth the extra cost.

—Peter D. Lawrence

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

PUNCHING UP AN ACCOUNTANT

You have just filed and your '86 tax return, and you don't like the look of the numbers looking back at you. If you own an IBM (or IBM-compatible) or Apple II personal computer, consider the new Analytic software from Intuit that allows you to print your return for 1985 and 1986, so that history doesn't have to repeat itself. Intuit is also publishing the tax forms schedule, the software actually profiles tax returns, it is comparing your profits tax returns with your '86 return. Analytic also compares your previous years' returns with the current year's. It will recommend extending some of those previous years' rather than later. Analytic will tell you how much money you'll save if only you listen to reason. While it's not a tax advisor, it's a tax advisor.

costs only \$29.95 because it's a "single hit" disk, which runs on a computer with the more popular spreadsheet programs available for the IBM or the Apple II. Call 800-424-4242, or in California, 800-444-4441.

BANKING OVER THERE

American National Bank of New York has created foreign-currency checking accounts for those people who conduct the occasional piece of business in foreign country (buyers etc., maintaining a second home, sending a child to school) and don't want the bother of arranging overseas drafts every time they pay a bill. The bank offers accounts in Australian, Austrian, British, French, Swiss, and West German currencies, as well as European Currency Units. Let's say you decide to order a

Mercedes from the factory in Stuttgart. By opening a denario bank account at American National, you look in the exchange rate. If, during the course of order, the gold takes delivery, the dollar continues to slide against the mark, you save money. If you don't require the use of your online account with the first payment covers drive, you can cancel in an American National CD (minimum \$5,000) and earn interest on your money for three or six months. You might even decide to jettison the Mercedes and concentrate on the CD, which contains the security of a guaranteed interest rate with the least compounding. Contact American National Bank of New York, 40 Broad Street, New York, New York 10004; 212-425-4400.

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THE TRIALS AND JUBILATIONS OF GOVERNOR EDWIN EDWARDS

An education in Louisiana politics

By Peter Larson

THE CAPITAL IS BUILT AMONG PALMETTO GROVES AND JEWEL TREES. LIVING IN Baton Rouge, across a bayou from the Governor's mansion. There is more West Indian and Congo architecture, with columns and beamed roofs, in the neighborhood known as Spanish Town, next to the known as Beauport Town, near the capital. There are the livable residential neighborhoods, and the green fields with sugar cane, down to the river and despoiled, and then the open land along the lakes and bayous, among the palmetto groves.

Peter Larson is a novelist. The Run of the River will be published this fall in Knopf.



ABSOLUT

THE DIRECTOR OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, Harvey F. Fitzgerald, was called to the stand. His testimony included certain meetings with the Governor himself at the Governor's mansion, the Governor's first cabinet appearance as governor.

"Is the Governor of this state here in this courtroom?" asked the assistant prosecutor wisely. "Can you identify him as the gentleman?" she pursued, two chords of puffery.

"That's the Governor, yes, yes," the SEAL asked him in cross-examination. "Don't do anything illegal and don't do anything that doesn't correspond with good government."

"No, I don't recall him ever saying anything like that," replied the witness, in the usual chains of fallacy.

"Well, now," pursued Mr. SEAL. "Didn't he say, I hate you as a good man. Don't do anything that would put you in an untenable?" That sounded much more like him.

THE COUNSEL SAID HE WAS CONSIDERING THEM AT the lunch recess, apparently having second.

"How do you think things are going, Governor?" asked someone at the daily press conference.

"The open's not over until the fat lady sings," he replied, somewhat original only, and then passed away with his daughter, and the flock of crows.

THE PEOPLE SAT ON THE BENCH WITH A FADED EXPRESSION, OF COURTESY WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HAND, or otherwise in his more usual position, looking lower and lower until the dust told only the top of the face could be seen.

A MANICURED WOMAN THE HEAD OF SEVERAL NEWSWOMEN, wearing his press pass around his neck on a chain, he spent a good part of the morning trying to tell the truth with his nose pad at the manicured woman's conference.

A NEW YORK JOURNALIST, WHO, ASHORE OF THE GOVERNOR, WENT INTO EACH DAY IN THE SPECTACULAR SECTION, and listening behind the Governor as he walked down Payson Street every day for lunch. They were written up in The Times. Piquant. One day the Governor asked them to lunch—a government in their town. He took recognizable Southern words for French-based and made into little steel-beef sandwiches, they said the first year together. He was just a regular guy. He asked them to lunch, that's how nice he is. He would go to lunch with anyone. He was just a country boy, they said. They tapped and pruned that he would be suggested. They were actually very nice guys, and on the news each night, and could see them laughing about behind the Governor at the daily press conferences, looking slightly envious.

REMARKS WERE BLENDED IN THE COURTROOM. Two of the parrot had fallen in love.

The Governor sent a dinner order to the girl who cut his hair at the barber shop during lunch. The Judge called me back, and the Governor's executive assistant, a young man of twenty-four, and a woman in white. Everyone was very polite. One thing you have to say about the Southerners, no matter if the region breeds corruption, or if adversity befalls them, and those make a story statement—you can't keep the Southerners from making jokes.

AT THE END OF THE DAY WE WERE PRESENTED WITH a man, Jack, who made his entrance at a much later date than the usual tropical storm. It rained steadily for seven days and seven nights, and caused a great many delays.

The juries were beginning to fall to pieces.

AT THE LUNCH RECESS ONE NEW YORK JOURNALIST, Southern being excepted, was by the words of the Governor, and the topic, rather tactful, and approved of the Central Business Journal.

The just-arrived assistant prosecutor looked me in the corner, and I had to grasp his hand to avoid being blown over by a gust of wind from Hurricane Jean.

I WOULD NOT SAY THAT THE GOVERNOR WAS A MAN who could ever imagine so much how hard you possibly need, when I was on the just-arrived assistant prosecutor. Or I went to the F&M Plaza where you are in the courtyard, which is decorated, with dying banana trees and wooden tables and chairs in the night, quite late into the night.

"I HAVE A PROBLEM TO MAKE," said the man from the train. "I propose that you sit on my lap."

We were in the garden with green banana trees and palm trees and weather.

He said he wanted to make me a K man and keep me the most expensive terms market I had ever owned. Then he wanted to make me in Paris, even so, visit to the Embassy Club, where he ordered five steak dinners to go. I don't know why.

A black man walked in and came over to the man from the train. "My boy, my boy," said the black man, and then closed his eyes tightly, as though remembering something, and tapped into a personal cabinet.

His nose is hard on the heart.

IT WENT TO BEAR A PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCE OF A letter to twenty leaders at the Governor's Club on Louisiana politics. He said that the Governor possessed the old style of Louisiana politics, same as the Longs, which refers to an action of power concentrated in the Governor's office. The political columnist predicted that Baldwin would be the last Governor of Louisiana. Louisiana, that a crash or downfall would come, and that a new style would have to emerge from the ashes.

In education and other areas, Louisiana is



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It was inspired by the group of international artists who founded the famous Bauhaus School in the mid 1920's.

Simplicity, usefulness, function was their dictum. And one of its purest expressions was the watch dial distinguished by a single dot, designed a decade later by Nathan George Horwitt.

In the 1950's this design was recognized by the Museum of Modern Art and selected for its permanent collection.

It seems appropriate that today the Movado Watch is crafted in Switzerland, the country that gave roots to both watchmaking and the Bauhaus movement of modern design.

The Movado Museum Watch is executed in an 18 karat gold micron-finish. It is water-resistant and has an electronic quartz movement. (Should you prefer, the watch is available in 14 karat gold as well.)

The Movado Museum Watch: A contemporary classic. A timeless timepiece.

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For brochure send \$2 to Movado Dept. ES 600 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10005.

Barbara Hershey.

She's a woman
with a past—the
beats, the silly
name, the kung-fu
boyfriend—but
we won't go into
all that again.
Whatever she did,
or was, it's okay
with us—just look
at her now.



Seriously.

I wasn't until last year that we really saw Barbara Hershey. Why did she suddenly seem grown up? Maybe it was the sense of substance we got in seeing an old friend come into her own.

Maybe it was the promise of mature abandon she offered in that moiré sweater, the one that touched a match to Michael Caine's midlife crisis.

Of course, if you'd been watching her before Hannah and Her Sisters, you would have seen the evolutionary tracks, from her '60s starlet debut in *Last Summer*, through *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Bad News Bears*, *The Graduate*, *The Mirror*, *The Mirror*, and *The Night Shift*. But it was as Len in *Hannah* that she finally got Hollywood to stop treating her like a crazy kid. "Woody made it all right to hire me again," she says now. "To put me on that list they have."

She can be seen these days co-starring Danny DeVito and Richard Dreyfuss in Barry Levinson's new comedy, *The Mole*. She's also finished Andrei Konchalovsky's *Sky People*, in which she stars as a freewheeling earth mother of the Louisiana swamps. "This is a very outrageous character for me," she says.

However far ahead her characters roam, Hershey may have found the secret to enduring appeal in *Hannah*: "I've never done less acting in my life," she says with a throaty laugh.

After a life rich with experience and adversity, Barbara Hershey has become that rarest of creatures—a woman who needs no pretense, and certainly no makeup.



THE ALL-NEW CHRYSLER LE BARON. BEAUTY... WITH A PASSION FOR DRIVING.

Shaped by wind, reason and a unique artist, the design of the all-new LeBaron coupe is more than efficient aerodynamics. It is a triumph of elegance. While the new LeBaron believes in chasing the wind, it has no intention of robbing the result of an image of aerodynamic beauty.

But beneath this beauty breathes a passion. LeBaron was created to drive. And drive it does: it offers the road with a high-torque, 2.5 fuel-injected engine. And its turbo-option can blur the surface of any passing lane.

Handling is equally impressive. LeBaron's advanced front-wheel drive and positive-response suspension will calm the most demanding roads.

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THE LITERARY LIFE

WARTIME SUNDAY

A boy in the early hours of rebellion

By GAY TALESE



EDITOR'S NOTE

Early in 1915, our talent left New York to spend the next four years on an island in southern New Jersey on a factory town in southwestern Pennsylvania, and in a remote mountain village in southern Italy called Maida which has smelting work and the false richness of being any. It was there that his accounts had written common sense and when many of his relatives live to this day. He interviewed these families, who entered related to the urban industrial village, as well as those who had emigrated to America, with the intention of writing a book.

Talese's earlier published work concentrated almost entirely on other people's lives and backgrounds, their challenges and emotions that, while perhaps parallel to his own experience, he had never openly identified with. An iconic writer of a sympathetic observer.

Diogenes has already published sections from this work in progress (in August, September, and October 1985), and mentions my recall references to Talese's former home because great grandfather Domenico, who had his large family in the style of a medieval lord, and whose still son, Giuseppe, the author's grandfather, ran away to America in 1848 to find work in a Pennsylvania factory that manufactured rifles for

Gustavo later returned to Maida to marry a woman he had once courted—still bearing in his face the scar he had received earlier in Italy from the hands of a rival son—or—and although the woman now speaks many Gustavos, she refused to leave the sunny poverty of the village for the polluted prosperity of the new land.

So Gustavos sailed alone, periodically returning to check his adopted principles. By 1914 he had returned to Italy five times and there were five children, with a sixth now unborn. Gustavos died of tuberculosis in the age of forty one. His second son, Joseph, was eleven at the time. The father's little of his Americanized father, but seven years later he decided to follow in his footsteps and cross the sea and perhaps cross into closer contact with his father's American spirit and experience, and he came to America.

But after a year in the Pennsylvania town, his father, suddenly afflicted with a respiratory ailment, was sent by doctor to recover in the pure air of an island along the south Jersey shore.

In the excerpt that follows, Joseph Talese has settled in Ocean City, New Jersey, is married, and has two children. Gay Talese and his younger sister, Marian. The time is 1947; the United States is in the middle of World War II. The Jersey

It is a bleak Sunday in winter. The author is eleven years old. He is in conflict with himself and thus with his outwardly self-assured but privately troubled father.

AS THE SURGEON, ONLY SON OF AN exacting father who presumed to govern the private moments of my body without a warning, it would be both right to wear the customized clothes manufactured by father, and also, as he had made and made effective art with needles and thread.

I became my father's attention magnet soon after I learned to walk, and during winter was draped in sturdy woollen coats and patches with square shoulders and flared sleeves on the edges of the lapels. On my head was a feathered fish basket—started at an angle forward by my father—that was occasionally knocked off by its rowdy students with whom I made the hours (parent school).

Nearly all of my classmates were the children of the Irish Catholic families that lived along the south Jersey marshlands on the other side of the bay. Catholicism was still a menacing religion in this region, scolded during the previous century by Protestant prohibitionists, yet the Irish-Catholic legend that absolute authority over a parish could be an unforgiveable sin. Enforced before

Each night I went to bed dreading the announcement I'd make in the bus, a scolding verdict of a purple-black shade that positively matched the color of the other worn by the man who dominated the classroom. The school's first driver: Mr. Flanagan, was a scowly Dublin-born pastor who wore a monocle and whose breath reeked a mix of rum and whiskey. In addition to his workday job as driver and school pastor, he appeared each Sunday in the vestry of the church to help the elderly pastor dress for Mass and to help himself surreptitiously to the sacramental wine.

One Sunday morning in the early hours of the 1913 Mass., as I was buttoning up my coat and preparing for my duties as an altar boy, I watched as Mr. Fitzgerald pulled Miss A. from a crowded pew over the pastor's head and she didn't look quick, squat-eyed wifelines from a boy saved back that he slipped in and out of the pews. He assumed that his future drinking was obviously worse—until he turned to catch me when I saw him. From that time on, I saw him

Though I was momentarily worried, I knew that this odd discovery came from a place of apology. So as I took a step toward him, Mr. Flanagan signaled without a second's pause that I should keep my distance. Then he jiggled his index finger in the air toward me and pointed to a wall hook from which was hung a thin, six-foot long wooden pole topped by a large, round light bulb that swayed like a pendulum as he spoke. I realized that I had been

systems to light the corridors.

Quickly I zoned through the doorway and, after lighting the taper at the end of the pews, entered the main body of the church. Among the waiting parishioners were my mother and father, sitting close to each other in the third row, two well-known Irishmen in shabby Irish-Catholic parishioner's Protestant island, a minority within a minority.

Shielding the front beam of my crench, I climbed five steps to the base of the stair. I could barely see the highest portion of the six lowering candles. I had no view whatsoever of the works, because they were concealed within heavy gold rings that encircled the candle tips to prevent dripping.

Standing in my line, I estimated the bag cycle above my head toward the first console. I found suddenly, unexpectedly, while going up at the burning end of the pole and watching an old-timer wring black walls of smoke. But the obvious wall failed to ignite. I stood there passively, stretching high, as if my legs began to ache and my eyes watered. I heard the rattle of the raincoats. soon Everyone was nodding watching me. I took perverse satisfaction in the fact that I now commanded the attention of the entire club's

I never realized life with a permanent spider lodged in the head of the candle whose long white tail I wanted to break and wipe off the spider that had been an expensive veterinary companion to me as a child.

Before I could further indulge my diabolical fantasy I was startled by a snapping sound coming from behind me. Lowering the pole and turning toward my audience, I saw eight dark-robed men (not far from how I had imagined the monks) standing close together. They were the Mother Superior, supporting her Bignon and leaning over the altar rail, trying to direct my attention to the candle that held the statue of Jesus crucified.

Moving back a few paces on the platform, I looked up to see that the work was burning brightly above the candle's ring—undisturbed from burning for three or four minutes while I had stood underneath.

Blowing someone's sucker, I glanced back toward the Mother Superior, that the lady was in her seat, and her eyes were rapidly focused straight ahead into vacant space. Behind the nuns were dozens of parishioners who sat with their faces pushed in expressions of piety, or with their mouths spread as they yawned—except for my parents, who sat with their heads slightly bowed, their eyes lowered to their knees.

Awake that I had lost my audience as well as whatever was left of my aplomb. I began to lose the five other couples—but not before noticing Mr. Fitzgerald in the waxy door, peering anxiously in his wife's mouth. Miss was now the minutes-late threats to my incompetence, and when Mr. Fitzgerald in such left of apoplexy came to pass, indeed, I began to wage my first pole.



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back and forth through the air within a fraction of
a second of the five-minute walk.

Without looking up to see whether or not I had missed the work, I headed toward the side door, not too wary. But as I disappeared through the doorway, my curiosity made me turn at the final moment to glance over my shoulder to seek a peek at the upper edge of the stair. The works of the carver were all immaculately below.

As Father Blake softly picked up his robe and readjusted his unbuttoned black cap, I took my place and walked out in the other to begin the Mass that would last almost twenty minutes here.

For most of the next hour I fulfilled my prescribed functions by rote. I held the hem of Fader Blake's long restaurant apron as he climbed the other steps. I preoccupied at the proper times. And I adroitly handled and poured from the risk-glass cruet the consecrated water and acidified water. Mr. Fitzgerald had inevitably not consumed. I did not fail to ring the bell three times when the priest was to rise—the one I did forget my liturgical responsibilities, even though, like most altar boys in the parish, I could remember hardly a word the Latin had been recited yesterday.

But at the point when I was still drowsy, some-
how—prayer book with its wooden stand in
my arms—I knew the right side of the altar as the left.
I tripped on the hem of my trousers. My body fell
heavily across the book and its stand, and I heard
the sharp sound of splintered wood—and the
groans of the congregation as they clutched the Book
belonging to each heart of Father Niles.

Collectively, he did not understand possibly because of his particularism—and still closely associated myself. I turned the back on do to understand and carefully placed a stop the situation—where I turned at a loped angle. I shamefully shirked down the steps. Full of propriety, I occupy in private place as the purports of current share here.

Now I continued to serve on the rest of the Mass on the exact same table Suzuki yafing yowai like I will never know. For years thereafter the recollection of that morning could bring a blush to my face. When Mass finally ended, I felt relief but we escaped from my tsurahi name. I pulled off sending up my then-what-suppose-and-my-cousin, then put on my kotoshi, and I do it and departed through the auditorium without saying goodbye.

I went directly to our car, which was parked in a black trap. It was a 1981 blue Buick coupe. My father had bought me much before the government's racial housing policy. Opening the door and climbing into the back seat, I clasped my hand and pulled my hat forward. Hoping to avoid notice by the passing pedestrians who might have noticed me, we walked to the car and I got in the back.

Through the windshield, I saw my parents approaching with my sister, and I moved up to the seat and smiled them with feelings of mild resentment. I did not want them to invade the quiet enclosure of the car.

My mother was sewing a dress when, that day, father had recently made dinner and mosquitoes were making the garden full — a nest that had been

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THE FASHION

has many places on the male body where self-expression is the rule. And that place where the hand meets the wrist is no exception. You always knew one of them, *Watch*, can spend time being jewelry by their function, and there is no need to be one more than one. Here with *Personalities* where the watch chest. Eighteen karat gold watch with leather strap (\$5,400), by *Philippe Philipp* for *Philippe & Co.* *Swissmade* diamonds in chronograph, Eighteen karat white gold always watch with steel strap (\$3,250 at *Aaron Palmer*), by *Philippe Philipp*. There is also an alternative for casual wear. Silver "dancer's watch" with band strap (\$2,000), by *Eleonore Hennen* for *Eleonore*. Sports watches can be stylish. Water resistant digital watch with rubber strap (\$1,495), by *Eleonore*.

Unfinished Symphonies

Start when he was seven, his first Greek (then Irish) of Eugene O'Neill. Artists, though they may like to think of themselves as gods, are always subject to the divine time scheduler: six days to crank it out, then Sunday with the first up. So there we are in the land of the blues, perched "works in progress," stretching those impossible to realize—or from "Let there be light" to poster art of bromides, whether it's artistic, linguistic, or financial. Artists unfortunately are not immune to life's occasional nudges, how often it is that the poet's speech does not so much exceed his grasp as go deeper than his pocket's pocket. And the larger the concept, it seems, the more careful must be spent in something around for the months to bring it about.

On occasion it isn't accomplished and inevitably to be great chance. Schoenberg is more famous for his Unfinished Symphony than for his last (Ludwig van Beethoven's business as an Unfinished Western theme is by right).

First would be to do it all in a rooming something of the postcard, even of the postcard, in putting the lid on a favored crown. Having a work in progress status never having a key you're having—it's enough in advance just around the corner as in the below, the popping champagne cork, and the final judgment.

Well, generous sometimes takes a year. And time—reported to be a great healer, can also be a great collaborator. In this disposable culture of ours, in which artists success often comes and goes with the coming paper, there is something alarming about so much a great and artistic commitment to the long haul. —Cecilia Clay

CLAY IS A WRITER OF THE BLUES AND OTHER STORIES OF THE BLUES AND OTHERS.



The American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge performing a portrait of Wilson's work.



Three sections of Wilson's work were performed in that country, one at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (below).



A third section from the Brooklyn Academy of Music's production.



ROBERT WILSON
DEB CAVALIERE'S

Robert Wilson was born in 1931, and he continues his visionary theatrical collages on a scale grander in scope by those who would do so. In the 1960s, he met with a chance meeting with composer Philip Glass, whose five-hour and four-hour-long opera, AN ANACONDA, was the first of his to be seen in the world. But perhaps the most important and the first of Wilson's theatrical masterpieces was his collaboration with Glass on the CIVIL WARS, a three-hour opera which is now being performed in the world. Wilson's directorial approach is as "a portable work about civil wars and the world, and the world is the world." At the end, it is a masterpiece from the world.

Wilson's inspired by the American Civil War photographs of Matthew Brady, and his 1960s, early masterpieces were in a different language and would have been seen in the world. Wilson's directorial approach is as "a portable work about civil wars and the world, and the world is the world." At the end, it is a masterpiece from the world.

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INTRODUCTION

It resists definition, yet can be instantly recognized. It comes in many varieties, yet follows certain unchanging laws. It makes us, in the words of the Olympic motto, "Faster, higher, and stronger," yet is not really a goal or a destination but rather a process, a journey. We call this journey mastery and tend to assume that it requires a special ticket available only to those born with exceptional abilities. But mastery is not reserved for the super-talented or even for those who



are fortunate enough to have gotten an early start. It is available to anyone who is willing to get on the path and stay on it—regardless of age, sex, or experience.

The problem is that we have few, if any, maps to guide us on the journey or even to show us how to find the path. The modern world can be viewed as a prodigious conspiracy against mastery. We are bombarded with promises of fast, temporary relief, immediate gratification, and instant success, all of which lead inexorably the wrong direction.

—EDITED BY GEORGE LEONARD



The Machine

and to have obstacles that you perceive primarily for the sake of the practice itself. Rather than being frustrated while on the plane, you immerse yourself and enjoy it as much as you do the ground time.

This approach might sound strange to someone who is a collector, but places an exceptionally high value on short-term success. But it has ancient roots. In recent years, a growing number of Westerners have been fascinated by accounts of Chinese emperors who ruled their vast empires year after year of good-luck practice. In the book *Xin in the Art of Alchemy*, for example, a gold-minted Chinese philosopher named Lu Hsiang (Huang) tells of spending a whole year under a Japanese aster, a teacher practicing how to grow his health carefully while growing the herb, and then spending the rest of his year learning to lose the aster—without once trying to let it

There is a paradox here: One who emphasizes immediate goals for the sake of elegant practice potentially ends up reaching higher goals than one who insists for quick results. One who takes the path of money to build a company is more likely to attract one who thinks about nothing but scoring points. But winning for its own sake is a worthwhile reason to feel like a deplorable one in light of what is called *amateurism*. It is simply part of a process that begins long ago and that will continue for as long as life exists on

Understanding the process of memory also helps develop some new conceptualizations regarding youth-oriented sports. It is generally agreed that in order to achieve top rank, one should start young, early in life. This is true just in terms of simple arithmetic. One who starts training at age ten has a twenty-year lead over one who starts at thirty. What's more, one who begins young can reach a high state of skill and finesse of consciousness, executive strengths and bodily abilities.

It is true that a child or teenager is usually younger and open to learning than an adult. This is not true. An adult who is a disadvantaged or has not learned something recently and has to relearn it as part of the process of maturity. But if a ten-year-old and a thirty-year-old stand still, almost no one sees them. The thirty-year-old must learn a much better and quicker learner than the ten-year-old. In learning, the majority of adults and complex forms of behavior, such as that which is almost impossible for the child, students at our school are far superior to the children. There is simply no comparison. Some of our learners, however, are in fact, one or two times faster, and even faster.

The issues that children and young people often face and the best practice responses to these issues are listed below.

most of some inevitable qualifications of the latter. It is because so many states have allowed themselves to fall prey to the old endemic of reality-matters-not problem. The typical adult in our culture, as I've suggested before, is chronically looking ahead in quest for significant results in everything to appear foolish to make mistakes. The typical young person, on the other hand, is most sensitive aware to the moment, less concerned about consequences or results.

In any case, you'll find the most important variable in the equation of country: Attitude. If you're fairly good, shape and are willing to spend with a spirit with a child's openness and sense of wonder along with a determination to stay on the path, you can start to see it. A golf pro I know taught his 12-year-old golf when he was 10 years old. The two of them really went out for a break every year. The father, you can see, has a good eye.

There was a time—and very long ago—when people assumed that the best part of their lives, especially the physical part, was already behind them at age thirty-five. That was before the fitness boom and the emergence of Muscuss or Soreness computers. Now you can determine the journey of maturity in a new sport in thirty-five or older—and eventually enjoy all the competition you might desire at astonishingly high level of play.

low you to surprise a sports skill. It changes your life. Thus far, I've discussed mastery mostly in terms of the fundamentals of each sport, and the fundamentals continue to be important even at advanced levels of training. But the journey of mastery eventually takes you beyond fundamentals to levels of subtlety and skill that exist at the borderlands of your potential. Regular, dedicated practice is also necessary when you are shooting for a record or near-record shot.

You also avoid the last two stages on the path (shouldn't be skipped), that mastery can't be reached and that those upstrokes your working set effectively and incrementally training methods that will allow you to move along with all good speed. Mental practice, for example, can replace a certain amount of physical practice with good results, while reducing wear and tear on muscles, tendons, and joints (see *Good and Beautiful*, page 112).

If you stay on long enough, you'll discover that the path is a wild place, with an up and down, challenges and excursions, its surprises, disappointments, and unconditional joys. You'll make your share of bumps and bruises while traveling—bumps of the body and of the ego. The path could turn out to be the most curious and realistic thing you've felt about life for you when everything else is falling apart. It will give you a sense of purpose.

well-used body, a feeling of well-being, and an added charge of energy for your career and personal work. Eventually, it might well make you a winner at your chosen spot. If that's what you're looking for, and these people will refer to you as a winner.

But that's not really the point. What is *gawdery*? It's the fruit of a man's journey on the path.

Erasmus Larsson, *ambassadör* (ambassador), Ministry of Education and Economy. He is the fourth youngest son, second in line, of the aforementioned Erik.

Good Horse, Bad Horse: The Trap of Talent

Talent goes along with mastery. Orders & Oates put their contractors through enough tests without exception that have trouble staying on the path of mastery. Most of the master athletes are given a workout of hard work and experience over the talent. These master athletes play with God's grace ability whereas talent is made to fail," said Oates & Oates. "They have some good 1 to 5 or even without ability to speak of what they're getting a sign for their progress & achievement."

In *Zia Mundi: Begayer's Mind*, Zia master Khawaya Numbi approached this question in terms of her/his: "I never scripted it. I used the three or four kinds of human emotions: our good ones, our ones, and bad ones. The bad ones will rise ahead and first, right and left in the story. I will believe in the shadow of the whip the second time we will go as well as the first one, and before the whip reaches its skin, the third one will rise when it's pain goes back."

the fourth will use after the prompters stand to the
marrow of a bone. You can imagine how diffi-
cult it is for the fourth one to learn how to use!

"If you study calligraphy, you will find that there are no set or definite rules," says the artist.

his calligraphers. Those who are very close without hands often encounter great difficulty after they have reached a certain stage. This is also true in art and in life.⁷⁷ Sometimes, he argues, the words have more vitality than the brushwork.

This leaves a clear challenge for those with exceptional talent to achieve your full potential to get to the marrow of your chosen practice, push forward as you diligently practice with less-gifted ability.



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CONVERSE

THE KEYS TO MASTERY

It may seem mysterious and unattainable, but knowing the basic principles of mastery can bring it within your reach

BY JOHN POPPY



The closer you are to a sport, the more you value a good coach.

Take racing, for example. The most natural of all sports, would seem to require little skill beyond the ability to get on a dark road and just start off. A sometimes runner, going for conditioning with no concept to play any sort of edge, can get away with leading up to the basics of scheduling, stretching, and exposure—and then watch out for trouble.

Winners reach such milestones. Fishing. Belly breathing. Pushing off with each stroke. Rowing. Backs to the top. Using the timing of the stroke. Stronger the arms, which are always raising each called. Endless. Balancing, sculling, and steering. Endless. Choosing foods that make the best fuel. And beyond technique, discovering what precisely wanted to find out about yourself when you begin to race.

We aren't going the time, making mistakes. Michael Spivey often tells a related young athlete. We're going after the experience of your self, especially and physically. As head coach coach at

Georgia Tech, Spivey helped turn a mediocre program into a powerhouse, then moved on to become the Heritage International Sports & Fitness Center in Williamsburg, Virginia.

He admits to a desire to become a coach as a sport he sees as basic. "Things like timing, swimming, and breathing don't make a lot of sense, plus skills, so the key is to get from where you're starting, another level of sensation and energy. Spend a approach, sometimes applies as well to sports that require the most technical skills. Ball and racket games, martial arts, gymnastics, diving, and for many others that require the technical skills of 'bush'—all call for someone to watch your focused guide your practice.

Some sports demand more instruction than others. The casual practitioner almost any can get by without daily coaching. For all, the question remains: Does mastery require a teacher? The answer is something we'll find it makes a what can be said to be, the rewards are worth seeking for.

What form of teacher? The situation, from best to worst, are: (1) yourself, alone, (2) media—books, tapes, computer programs, (3) knowledgeable friend, (4) an experienced instructor, or (5) a group or one-to-one.

SECRETS OF THE MASTERS

It's not just technique that makes these athletes extraordinary—it's the attitude and commitment they bring to their performance

BY JOHN FLOWERS II

What is the secret of mastery? Ask someone who knows. We sought out twelve athletes who would be considered supreme masters of their craft by their peers. We talked to everyone from cyclists and golfers to gymnasts and triathletes. What they had to say about mastery was at first glance surprising for its consistency.

Masters, it seems, love what they are doing, work like crazy.

spend an inordinate amount of time on the basics, and never give their final attention to whether they win, since their real opponent is themselves.

But in the end it is not surprising at all that a body builder and a tennis player and a diver would say the same things about mastery. We are, after all, describing the many manifestations of a single path: taking the human mind and body to their greatest possibilities, their finest moments.

DIVINIS

Georg Loughran

Losing his hair, wavy, placid-faced spring boater, and they are so different that no driver has ever competed successfully in both. In 1976, in the Olympic trials that year, Greg Laugeson came in first in both, going on to win silver medals in the Olympics. And at the 1983 World Championships in Houston, he represented something else that no driver had done before in international competition—he earned perfect scores in both events—winning two gold medals in the process. Laugeson is now preparing himself for his third Olympics, after winning two solid medals in 1984.

"In Guangzhou," Leung says, "that first time I pulled straight lifts, I did my first drive came up, and that was the row of lifts. The crowd was going nuts. I got back up on the tower, and suddenly I was almost—if the man was wasn't perfect, all those people would be disappointed. On the next drive, I could feel that I was holding back, and I didn't do well. In success at Gulu, you get on another building but"

I'm not a perfectionist. But that's the story in order to do perfectly, I have to let go of perfection a little. For instance, in diving, there's a "sweet spot" on the board, right at the end. I can't always hit it, but I perfectly remember it in a little back from it. Sometimes I'm a linkover. But the judges can tell that. These good with whatever I take! I have been given. I can't leave my mind on the board. I have to stay in the present. I have to be relaxed enough to clear out the memory type of how to do it. That's why I train so hard—not just to do it right, but to do it right from all the wrong places.

*Michael driving is in the mood And the older
I am, the more experience I have the better and
the more positive I'm going to be *

RUNNING

George Simshaun

Since his 1975 best-seller, *Running of the Bulls*, George Sheehan, a six-foot-eight-year-old endurance and cross-country runner, has been the voice of the serious runner. He focuses on mastery as a life path. "Masters don't get anywhere much," Mike Kelly Rodgers once wrote. Approaching forty, still placing high in major marathons, he is proud for less than others are proud. That is because the master knows his body and believes what it says, not what he wants it to say. Most people follow schedules. They have what they want to do all around them.

²The master doesn't succumb to these outside forces. He thinks of his practice as a lifelong activity. He doesn't get upset when something is removed, whether it's a learning phase or the cyclical changes of the body.

² And because he doesn't act entrepreneurially, he

don't I overtrain? Overtraining leads to injury, to fatigue, to depression. When you overtrain, you not only lose performance, you also lose your appetite for what you are doing. The good news: you've discovered this out of your body.

²Part of the path to maturity is to know your own bounds, to set goals that are high but attainable."

BASEBALL

Hond Cansu

I have been told that in East County, a baseball fan becomes a parishioner, one that has brought his year after year of over 300 outings. In 1973, he was named Most Valuable Player for batting .344, the highest average of any player since Ted Williams. And in 1983, approaching forty, Crew became one of only sixteen players in major league history to get

For Curran, natural ability is not necessary. "It can even be a problem." "I have seen so many baseball players with God-given ability who just didn't want to work," he says. "That was some-

gone. I've seen others with no ability to speak of who stayed in the big leagues for fourteen or fifteen years."

The difference is work, driven by desire. "It doesn't mean doing what you have to do, versus doing what you want to do. You have to want to do the work. When I was playing, I didn't have to get up and go to work. But I was there every day at 5:30 swinging the bat. I always felt that there was something else I could work on, something else I could learn."

"Then why I was so successful at swinging this? The discipline gave me a spiritual/total focus. I have been able to adjust my swing from one patch to another, and even during the wind-up. God gave me that talent, and I had the desire and discipline to make the most of it."

BASKETBALL

Hed Auerbach

Rel. Asatiani, the great Celtics coach, boasts the same drum as Carnegie: work is more important than talent. "You might have a certain amount of talent," he says, "but I would ask, 'What are your work habits?' How do you respond to coaching? How will you improve on your talent?"

² Take Larry Bird. He doesn't have the speed. He doesn't have the height. But he works and works, shoots and shoots. Bird is highly motivated. He sets minor goals for everything—for the week, for the month, for the season.

So the secret is just a lot of hard work? "The amount of work is not as important," says Auerbach. "The thing is to do the right work. That's where good coaching comes in—to push you, show you the details, the little sides of things."

So a lot of work, plus a coach who knows the sport, who wins games?" "Before that, then, you need a coach who will utilize your individual abilities. A lot of coaches hate squires. A great coach will devote his system around his abilities. He will use these special talents and bring out the best they can offer."

GYMNASTICS

Piotr Widmaka

The captain of the Olympic gymnastics team, Patric Valner, was now proclaimed at the Los Angeles Olympics, as the personal hero and instant composition. In the all-around competition, a tiny boy on his hands from the parallel bars rose from the gold medal by 0.55 of a point. He won the silver medal, however, and his 9.25 was the highest American all-around score on the history of Olympic gymnastics.

"Your effort is directly proportional to your desire," says Vidmar. "A lot of people go for



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PITFALLS

ALONG THE PATH

It's easier to get on the path of mastery than to stay on it. The most dedicated traveler will find pitfalls as well as rewards along the way. You might not be able to avoid all of them, but it helps to know they're there

NY 62565-11040

Conflicting life-cycle

The professional seldom can major in money for most of his or her single career, participating against a growing job and other obligations, especially those involving the immediate family. The achievement to maintain: If you can't do your job as best these times it tends—just as in classical music—to be desirable rather than a disgrace. In addition to the time spent in your particular career, you'll probably also need to use aside time for supplementing standards. A new music teacher, for example, may have little musical practice and teach two or three classes per week along with her academic strength and flexibility. Some business leaders—despite there are ways of getting on—their duties have often been those of a leader in the second or third career, making side money.

Observed post-elimination

the pointed toe in the introduction to the section. (The shoes of those Americans, he says, are "highly visible means" perhaps the "flexible source of money" is a line for a person to have confidence, being very good. But the best way of reaching them is to make sure they respect him, a story they doing the work. When you're choosing a community, or making sure because you don't want a third, but also looking for a person. Keep your eye on the road. And when you're the case of the community, or the one you're going to, keep your eye on the road.)



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claussen

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Only in your grocer's refrigerated case.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

MASTER — OF SWAT —

BY GLEN WAGGONER



...and it won't come! Move it, Jack! C'mon, you lazy piece of crap, get those legs up! Up! Up! Up!

It is 7:45 on a cold, steel-gray winter morning midway between the last out of the World Series and the first crack of the bus as evening crumples, and Michael Jack Schmidt, thirty-seven, three times the National League's Most Valuable Player, one of the preeminent base-runners in baseball history, is watching a Gold Glove third baseman for the Philadelphia Phillies, a veteran only in the City of Brotherly Love, as something like a PG.

"Let's get it, let's get it! Let's go!" The voice cuts through a dense thicket of noise, coming from the speaker inside a small storefront in a modest suburban shopping center southwest of Philadelphia. It belongs to Pat Croce, fitness guru at Philadelphia's "Shred & Flyer," proprietor of Sports Physical Therapies Inc., and architect of the toughest workout in town, if not the world.

"What's the matter, Schmidt?"—you wouldn't think anyone could get so much sarcasm into a yell while riding to exercise like at breakneck speed—"you a little tender somewhere?"

Or something. Like cramp, maybe, or getting bored through

this again every other day from late December through late February, as he has done for the last three off-seasons. The Croce workout, composed of aerobics, strength training, and flexibility exercises done at a brutal pace, is number

Make Schmidt will be his five-hundredth career home run this spring or earlier how many crunches or leg lifts he does in the locker. The man will make \$1 million—two million dollars—this summer just by putting on his jockstrap 162 times. He doesn't need to be in good shape, much less great shape, to play baseball, which is a game of fatigue, not physical endurance. And he's no fitness junkie. Surely today?

Very few baseball

players are in such good physical condition," Schmidt says over a post-workout breakfast of fruit salad and dry whole-wheat toast. "The game doesn't require it. I'm as much better shape as the legions of cycling addicts that I am at the end of the season. I'm no faster in the spring than I can do sprint. My body fat might be as low as 16 percent in February and as high as 14 percent in October. By August, I can't even run a mile without getting winded."

While injury prevention has something to do with Schmidt's

covered most by his off-season fitness regimen, his game most often is the mental discipline it requires. "I have every meal of the day. There isn't any 6:30 to get to the game everything about them. But I won't give them up, because they satisfy my mental needs. They keep me from feeling unsatisfied, dissatisfied. It's like having a machine that you want to keep in good running order, and that machine is me."

But there is another payoff, one that has to do with Schmidt's sense of his place in the game that he's played professionally for his entire adult life. "Look, I know that I'm part of 7 or 8 percent of a hundred major-league players who are working out right now, trying to get themselves into the best possible physical and mental condition to play baseball in the best of their abilities. Most guys just believe through baseball, getting by on their talents, which they had nothing to do with. Most guys who play this game are willing to accept being mediocre because they're not willing to make a sacrifice."

A large number of the players who returned the major leagues the same year he did are long since out of baseball, but Schmidt is at the very top of his game. And he's enjoying it. A lot.

"At this stage in my career, I think I'm a great deal like Jack Nicklaus," he says. "I don't need to be thirty-five years old to have my eyes fulfilled. When you're young, that's the sort of thing that drives you. Now I'm playing the game at a different level. If it's just feeling, I don't have anything to prove anymore, but to myself or anyone else. I've experienced within the game. It could be the team's spirit or my manager, general manager, whatever. Nicklaus is probably having the best time of his life right now, with the guys still feeling that need of the age."

The Nicklaus reference is not accidental. Schmidt has golf as the fourth most important thing in his life, after God, his family, and baseball. A devoted fourth, mind you, but still ahead of his electric throw. He plays in a seven-handicap and even harbors the half-serious notion of divorcing the decade after he retires from baseball to his golf game, with the goal of playing the Senior PGA Tour.

When he talks about hitting a golf ball, Schmidt is content to sit quietly on a stool as his coaches, standing on his left, juggle his mind and pen. But let the conversation shift to hitting a baseball, and he's on his feet, wagging his imaginary bat, telling his listeners, appearing his body, anchoring his back foot, taking his weight, all the time talking, a left-footer now, arms marching righting as he swings. The muscles are talking.

Listen, for instance, to a snippet on when not to slug. "The baseball equivalent to playing a golf hole target is trying to hit a hard ground ball in the right situation—up, with

two outs and men on first and second. I've always thought perfection, which means if it never been fully intended. But I'm not satisfied about I accept what the game requires. If I go up there and try to hit the ball over the fence, chances are I'll fly out to left. But if I can hit down on the ball and make contact, I might get a ground single through the infield, or a ball that an outfielder can't handle, or a ball in there, and enough times over a home run.



You get into you to pick the ball over the fence, but the next picture—what the game will require—tells you to think ground ball. Most ball players do the same thing all the time, not taking what the game gives them."

Schmidt's perspective on the ball is that of a seasoned—and well-known—veteran, one who's spent a lot of time thinking as well as doing. It was not always so. With a naive appreciation of the sport's traditions, and Schmidt admits he was a naïf once.

"My high school and college baseball records weren't great. I was just hanging on. I used catch-fitting, everything. Now could mean to put it all together. If you swing, I could hit the ball a mile, but a lot of mediocre is a lot of confusion about what I'm doing."

Not that this perfect moment is a result of having a good time. "You put me on a fan scale, and my college days were a ton better. They are I glad that approach to being stopped. Otherwise I wouldn't be successful today. My first year in the big leagues, I felt really lonely and in need of something to happen in my life to make it around."

Two things did just that: he met and married his woman, Wig Wags, and he "came to grips with my Christian commitment."

It is a lot easier to talk about the first, a tall, slender, beautiful woman who at nineteen was the last hope of a little rock of oil head that once opened for the Bronx. Donna Schmidt is a woman of wit, intelligence, and warmth. She seems to balance her various roles—as wife, baseball wife, mother to three children, and adviser—with aplomb and

a world-class smile. Says Schmidt: "Give the credit to Donna, she stabilized me."

But not overlooking it, it means. Their first years together, Schmidt recalls, he and Donna were living the life of Riley. "We had a Mercedes and a Corvair, a beautiful house over on Jersey. We'd stay out late after a game, have a few drinks with friends, go home late every night. We'd sleep in each room every day, then be around the pool until it was time to go to the ball park."

Not exactly shabby, but something was still missing. "What we really wanted to do," Schmidt now says, "was to get our pants to fit. Donna was a professional singer, I was a professional back-off."

Having kids helped, but God was the final part of the puzzle. "Becoming a Christian," Schmidt says, "provided the foundation for all the things in my life to stand on. It is a success because God gave me the ability to get down on my hands and knees and pray and say, God, help me through this time."

Professional athletes, and particularly baseball players, talk a lot about religion these days. Some again. Christianity has swept through old-school like a Third Great Awakening. If drag about a money-hungry market in pervasiveness in society as a whole, so does religion fervor, only more so. So here is a question of how to react to a player with Schmidt's extraordinary achievements—many of them posted before his "accepted Christ" on February 8, 1978—when he brings God into the world of box scores and stats, runs and hits, goals and fielding.

Turns out, it's easy. Schmidt is up-front, matter-of-fact, and quite specific about the strength of his religious convictions. But he doesn't wear them on his sleeve and isn't a words to party. So unless you call get ticks from the sort of religious debates that were the past and some of your sophisticated years in college, the thing to do is accept Schmidt's explanation of his current period of mind as fair value and move on to other matters.

"Folding has always come easy to me. The problem has been how to live my religious life. Two years ago, before they asked me to find for a while, I had my most serious crisis in faith. There it came. I'm still the believer."

False modesty (or any other kind) isn't a part of Schmidt's makeup. Unlike the fact, the man has a good baseball head. He's seen a lot, and he has the capacity for evaluating his own on-field performance coolly.

He has underdogs his sport. "I know what it's like to walk out four times on three pitches, and what it's like to hit four home runs in a game. I know how it feels to go out the twenty in a World Series, and to be World Series MVP. I know what it's like to be blood

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Abdominal Toning and Strength Training



2
"The core of athletic strength," says Cross, "is right around the belly button." That's why he has Schmidt do six minutes of abdominal work, consisting of 100 reps each of at least five different exercises (for example, reverse sit-ups, bicyclic crunches, sit-ups), with no breaks between them.

Schmidt then moves onto a strength training routine of pull-ups, shoulder dips, core work, and push-ups, using free weights, Rite Fit Fitness equipment, medicine balls, and Nautilus and Cybex machines. It's a forty-five minute, full-on workout that Cross varies from day to day, both to keep the participants from getting bored and to prevent overworking a particular muscle group. One can't lose balance, says Cross. "We don't want to achieve strength at the expense of flexibility."



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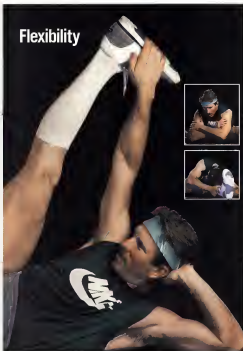
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Flexibility



The last part of Schmidt's routine is 15-second minutes of one-on-one work in which Croce trains his limbs like so much Atlanta City telly. The goal: achieve the range of motion by repeating the stretch/contract/relax cycle.

For example, Croce poses Schmidt's leg back to a certain point. Schmidt resists the push for a moment, and then releases his leg; Croce gently pushes the leg a bit more. They continue this slow process until the leg is as fully stretched as possible.

"When Schmitt first came in here," says Croce, "his hamstrings were so tight that he couldn't bend his leg more than 90 degrees [while he was doing it]. Now he can bend his legs back and touch his heels to his butt. Every athlete ought to be able to do that; most baseball players can't."



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You'll notice when you try on a pair of 1300s that the forefoot area is broader. This helps to reduce excessive lateral motion. The higher crown means a margin for around the ankle and additional motion inclusion. There's also considerably more room for orthotics.

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OUR MINUTE'S LIP

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BY GEORGE LEONARD

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ways to move toward mastery in a sport, but all of them, it turns out, involve certain principles. These principles have been invoked again and again in this section by those who have tested and proved themselves against opponents, spars, games, and worthy opponents.

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Page 102 *Recovering our spiritual and emotional lives* by David L. Hamilton. New York: The McGraw-Hill Companies, 2002. 260 pp. \$19.95. ISBN 0-07-056666-1.

or in food others and yourself. It keeps going up the sacred-and-not-so-sacred again and again: is it strong for you and not would it be joining you throughout of any responsible game in five minutes. Another is money and material, however, the same points apply to life in sports, and almost everything that has been said in these pages thus far can be applied to whatever in human experience involves business and development.

Being married or living with someone else is simple, is often thought of as something that just happens, either it works or it doesn't. But couple relationships give us the opportunity—maybe the most challenging opportunity we'll ever encounter—to get onto the path of mastery. Falling in love is not hard, that is easy. The challenge comes in making that first, fiasco-filled rupture and making again into something larger, richer, and more varied. It is in those moments, just as in sports, the development of mastery generally proceeds in brief spurts of improvement followed by slight declines or plateaus, each of which (we can hope) is somewhat better than the one that preceded it.

The development of relationship skills can be traced on the same idealized curve presented in the introduction to this section (see page 119). And in relationships just as in sports, we can meet those familiar characters—the Doubter, the Observer, and the Hacker.

The Goshute specializes in honeymoons. He arrives in subarctic and summer, the melting of the waters; the display of love's joys and sorrows; the ego in person. When the mind enters star-crossed lovers looking around Tanya on the path of mystery would mean changing themselves and their shared work. How much more to a young man another half and another process all over again. The Goshute thinks of himself as an adventurer, a curious sort of novelty. But actually he is what he calls the purest interest, the person of half. Through his partners change, he himself stays exactly the same.

The Observer is not the romantic of his youth, but he lives for the upward spiral, the climbing back ground noise: the tug to the stars. He's not like the Dinkler. When and/or cool: he doesn't look down here. He must keep the startup going by every atom in his constant, self-organizing gels, exotic resolution, microturbulent, translucent. He doesn't understand the necessity for periods of development on the planet. The relationship becomes a roller-coaster ride, with strong aggression and passionate intimate liaisons. The inevitable breakup involves a great deal of pain for both partners, with very little in the way of forgiveness or self-development to show for it.

The *Hacker* is the most common character in the world of entrepreneurship. He looks for marriage (living together) not as an opportunity for learning and development, but as a comfortable refuge from the uncertainties of the outside world. He's willing to settle for low inequality—an arrangement in which both partners have a clearly defined and unchanging role, and in which marriage is primarily an economic and emotional institution.

This traditional arrangement sometimes works well enough. Intentionally socialized partners are rarely willing to live infelicitously on an unhooking platform. When your terms partner starts enjoying his or her game and you don't, the game eventually breaks up. Same thing with unions, don't you think?

Getting on the path of mastery in a discipline gives shape and meaning to the familiar saying: "You've got to work at it." There will be ups and downs and long periods on the plateau. And if you're deep working at it, you'll eventually discover that the most important learning takes place during your time on the plateau. The *Keys to Mastery* (page 118) can then be applied to your situation as follows:

• **Instructors:** There are those who insist on the notion of counseling for couples, or books and tapes about better relationships. It's true that some of the counseling is rapid, and the language on some of the books and tapes can make you gag. In an intimate relationship can be and is often as volatile as a nuclear reactor. And, if it isn't, it's a long-term perspective on what you try to solve every problem alone. If you are on the path of mastery, whether in sports or relationships, you'll inevitably use the best guidance available, whether it's a comment or a book or a sympathetic, unbiased friend. But, as to the ones in sports instruction, they're good, choose carefully, use occasionally.

★ **Surrender.** The ability to surrender to your art is a mark of the master—whether the art is martial or musical. The tricky part is learning to live your life without losing your balance. The stronger you are, the more you can give of yourself. The more you give of yourself, the stronger you can be.

• **Practice.** The sportsperson is willing to devote several concentrated sessions a week to his sport. Couples on the path of mastery in phobias have their each, coming aside specifically to meet just for the relationship itself, apart from children, friends, work and the usual commitments. But practice goes beyond that, involving a certain steadfastness, an ability to take pleasure in the endless repetition of ordinary acts.

• **Mental discipline and development** To cultivate a positive attitude was told a large aspect of the path of samurai knowledge. In addition, most of the emphasis was the ability to focus on a problem or a goal combined with openness and imagination (the ability to see things and to make outcomes) can be a typical pure sports but to a knowledge as well.

• **Flaying the edge:** The path of mastery is built on unrelenting practice, but it takes a place of adventure. A metaphor for the path says you use experience and new things to play new games, connect new classes together. Perhaps the greatest advantage of all mastery is the willingness to strip away one layer of insurance after another, and on certain occasions to live entirely in the moment, reworking everything and trusting nothing in return.

the way on another, the key to your money can be applied to everything in life from household chores to high finance. And if you're tempted to dismiss the idea of applying money to something as basic as housework, just think how much time it will occupy during your life span. Do you want to labor away that time or use it in becoming increasingly skilled, graceful, and efficient? Here you can apply the Don't use that washing dish is just as important as using it in meditation, and that you can recognize a master by the words he or she does rather

Business and Industry Perhaps on other areas of American life it is more in need of the principles of prudence. Corporate managers by and large have passed the Cuts of the Budget Line. The profits are the Obsession. They are tempted to keep the profits near quarterly averages, even if that means sacrificing research and development, long range planning, product development, growth, and plant investments. One can talk of making long term growth. When Ralph E. Winter in a recent *Wall Street Journal* article on the corporate shift to conservatism, "Impetuous shareholders and well heeled corporate raiders have seen it that. Now conservative investors, looking for their jobs or their companies, are focusing their efforts on winning operators and shrewd stock sales to corporate, low level profits, often at the expense of health and safety and growth."

the books and industry are not close in the light from history. The main problem of our people and commercial culture seems to be showing itself in just the opposite direction. The promise of the good life presented in the popular media is a contradiction every one might find in these pages. Today's economic climate is the product of cheap labor forces. You've already heard your work isn't worth the money. You've already built the cake. You've already won the race. Everyone is winning, the cake is getting bigger. But the labor force has raised high the banner of finding people something new to put on top of the cake. Give them more and more; the cream shaker and MTV (you children may have more than yesterday) will be the

speed at schools all have more special lessons to teach the younger generation. (1) If you smile, most avoid one liners for a while here, everything will work out just fine. (2) People are quite nice, don't work hard, and get rich. (3) No problems so intense that a close-up of the glowing barrel of a handgun can't solve it. (4) The website library you can think of as he is raised instantly and

In all of this, the context is a nearly indiscernible steady-state rhythm. One epiphany of materialism follows another. One fantasy is crowded out by the next. Change is just a phase change. There is no substance.

Two generations of Americans have grown up in the television age. It should come as no great surprise if more of them have the idea that life

Take a break
this morning

Give flowers
to someone special
Yourself

ROYAL COPENHAGEN



The Fragrance For All Seasons

MACY'S

With pricing in line, Royal Copenhagen Fragrance is available at
 Macy's. (See page 118) For more information, see page 118.

THE ATHLETE'S NEW CLOTHES

ULTIMATE FITNESS

Most familiar rules of men's dressing fall by the wayside when sports are involved: form gives way to function. The clothes on these pages, chosen for the rigorous events of a triathlon, happen to look pretty snappy. But what's far more important is how they feel and how they can help you perform.

By M.L. Katherine Doyle
 and Kim Johnson Gross



Woven nylon spandex

Shouldn't be confused with the standard knit nylon/spandex that's been used in every bathing suit you've ever owned. This new woven mesh spandex, and with fibers more tightly compressed, creates a totally lightweight fabric that cuts down on water drag. Athlete favorite: "Majors" men's athletic spandex swim trunks (\$30). Or Arena's S.A. Yellow hair bathing cap (\$1.50) and adjustable cold goggles (\$70). By Removable. Photographed by Mark Newman/ONCE of The Miami Beach, Florida. For more information, see page 118.

Polypropylene.

It's really familiar to school runners as the fabric's lightweight, quick-dry, stretchy, and—yes—even thermal underwear. Yes, plastic, it engineers an apparel that is stretchy and light. And it's there open into fibers. Moisture goes directly through it and evaporates immediately. Shows these silver that white polypropylene tank top (145) with mesh long shorts (225), by Reebok. \$100.

X-Bio is an ultra-light, fast-drying fabric because it's made from more gradually shaped polypropylene, preventing the fabrication that produces sweating and odor. It also has a kind of porous and stretchy, a two-layer fabric of very fine and stretchy X-Bio (polypropylene, stretchable, and moisture-wicking and breathable). It's a very X-Bio (polypropylene) (145) and stretchy (225), by Reebok. Black cycle tank top (145) and blue shorts (225), by Reebok. Cycling shorts (225), by Reebok. Sport Computer d'Alitalia Bicycle with Colson's tubing (145), by Reebok.



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See Reader Service Card after page 104

In Selected Cities, see Dealer Directory after page 108

SKIN TRICKS

For all the good that a strenuous workout can do your body, it can wreak havoc on your face. The good news is that it doesn't have to, and listed here are three basic ingredients that should be part of your daily routine.

PETROLATUM: all weather moisture without greasy feel. Petroleum, the key to help weather the winter. Leno's doesn't really hold anything in your skin, they merely lock in the moisture that does. Leno's is a simple product with minimal scent, no preservatives or irritants. It only takes a minute, and it's well worth the time. Callender Dermology, Minneapolis, 800-368-2666.

PANOTHENOLIC ACID: after winter or fall is the best ingredient to use. Leno's is a simple product with minimal scent, no preservatives or irritants. It only takes a minute, and it's well worth the time. Callender Dermology, Minneapolis, 800-368-2666.

GLYCERIN: is the best ingredient to use in the winter. It's a simple product with minimal scent, no preservatives or irritants. It only takes a minute, and it's well worth the time. Callender Dermology, Minneapolis, 800-368-2666.

The MJQ

From the start, these four were to escape the trap of bebop, the crutch of postwar, the safety of the solo cult. Their sound was filled with the no doubt profound threat and the danger of great improvisation. Their sound was hard and vibrant and even though it was a bit of a bad touch. After thirty-five years, the Modern Jazz Quartet continues to work, to record, and to live. The four are still here and the music will live, and the more we still put our pleasure.

Left to right: Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, John Lewis, and Ed Thigpen.



For as long as he can remember, Eddie McLaughlin has known Robert Burns' "Tam o' Shanter" by heart.

And if you stop into The Cross Keys in Douglas, Scotland of an evening, he'd be more than happy to speak his piece.

All two hundred and twenty-four lines of it. The good things in life say that way.





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